BEN: IONSON.

HIS

CASE IS ALTERD.

As it hath beene sundry times Acted by the Children of the Blacke-friers.

AT LONDON
Printed for *Bartholomew Sutton*, dwelling in Paules Church-yard neere the great north doore of S. Paules Church. 1609.

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A pleasant Comedy called, the *Case is Alterd.*

Actus primi, Scæna prima.

Sound? after a flourish: Iuniper a Cobler is discouered, sitting at worke in his shoppe and singing.

Iuniper, Onion, Antony Baladino.

YOV wofull wights giue eare a while,
And marke the tenor of my stile,
Which shall such trembling hearts vnfold
As seldome hath to fore bene told.
Such chances rare and dolefull newes
Peace a Gods name.
As may attempt your wits to muse.
A pox a God on you.
And cause such trickling teares to passe,
Except your hearts be flint or brasse:
To heare the newes which I shall tell,
That in Castella *once befell.*

Enter Onion in hast.

Oni. sellow *Iuniper*

Oni. Gods so, heere man.

Oni. Iuniper, Iuniper.

Sbloud, where didst thou learne to corrupt a man in the midst of a verse, ha?

Onion. Gods lid man, seruice is ready to go vp man, you must slip on your coate and come in, we lacke waiters pittyfully.

Iunip. A pittifull hearing, for now must I of a merry Cobler become mourning creature. *Exit Onion.*

Onion. Well youle come.

Iunip. Presto. Go to, a word to the wise, away, flie? vanish: Lye there the weedes that I disdaine to weare.

Anto. God saue you Maister *Iuniper.*

Iuni. What *Signior Antonio Balladino,* welcome sweet *Ingle.*

Anto. And how do you sir?

Iuni. Faith you see, put to my shifts here as poore retainers be oftentimes, sirrah *Antony* ther's one of my fellowes mightely enamored of thee, and I faith you slaue, now your come I'le bring you together, it's *Peter Onion,* the groome of the hal, do you know him.

Anto. No not yet, I assure you.

Iuni. O he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plaine simple Rascal, a true dunce, marry he hath bene a notable vilaine in his time: he is in loue, sirrah, with a wench, & I haue preferd thee to him, thou shalt make him some prety *Paradox* or some *Aligory,* how does my coate fit? well.

Anto. I very well. *Enter Onion.*

Oni. Na Gods so, fellow *Iuniper,* come away.

Iun. Art thou there mad slaue, I come with a powder?. Sirrah fellow *Onion.* I must haue you peruse this Gentleman well, and doe him good offices of respect and kindnesse, as instance shall be giuen.

Anto. Nay good maister *Onion* what do you meane, I pray you sir you are to respectue in good faith.

Onion I would not you should thinke so sir, for though I haue no learning, yet I honour a scholer in any ground of the earth sir,

Shall I request your name sir?

Anto. My name is *Antonio Balladino.*

Oni. *Balladino?* you are not *Pageant* Poet to the City of *Millaine* sir, are you.

Anto. I supply the place sir: when a worse cannot be had sir.

Oni. I crie you mercy sir, I loue you the better for that sir, by Iesu you must pardon me, I knew you not, but Il'd pray to be better acquainted with you sir, I haue seene of your works.

Anto. I am at your seruice good Maister *Onion,* but concerning this maiden that you loue sir? what is she,

Onion. O did my fellow *Iuniper* tell you? marry sir, she is

as one may say, but a poore mans child indeede, and for mine owne part I am no Gentleman borne I must confesse, but *my mind to me a kingdome is* truly.

Anto. Truly a very good saying.

Onion. T'is somewhat stale, but that's no matter.

Anto. O t'is the better, such things euer are like bread, which the staler it is, the more holesome.

Onion. This is but a hungry comparison in my iudgement.

Anto. Why, I'le tell you, *M. Onion*, I do vse as much stale stuffe, though I say it my selfe, as any man does in that kind I am sure. Did you see the last *Pageant*, I set forth?

Onion. No faith sir, but there goes a huge report on't.

Anto. Why, you shal be one of my *Mæcen-asses*, I'le giue you one of the bookes, O you'le like it admirably.

Oni. Nay that's certaine, I'le get my fellow *Iuniper* to read it.

Anto. Reade it sir, I'le reade it to you.

Onion. Tut then I shall not chuse but like it.

Anto. Why looke you sir, I write so plaine, and keepe that old *Decorum*, that you must of necessitie like it, mary you shall haue some now (as for example, in plaies) that will haue euery day new trickes, and write you nothing but humours: indeede this pleases the Gentlemen: but the common sort they care not for't, they know not what to make on't, they looke for good matter, they, and are not edified with such toyes.

Onion. You are in the right, I'le not giue a halfepeny to see a thousand on'hem. I was at one the last Tearme, but & euer I see a more roguish thing, I am a peece of cheese, & no *onion*, nothing but kings & princes in it, the foole came not out a iot.

Anto. True sir, they would haue me make such plaies, but as I tell hem, and they'le giue me twenty pound a play, I'le not raise my vaine.

Onion. No, it were a vaine thing, and you should sir.

Anto. Tut giue me the penny, giue me the peny, I care not for the Gentlemen I, let me haue a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it.

Onion. Indeed that's right, you are in print already for the

best plotter.

Anto. I, I might as well ha bene put in for a dumb shew too.

Oni. I marry sir, I marle you were not, stand aside sir a while:

Enter an armd Sewer: some halfe dozen in mourning coates following and passe by with seruice. Enter Valentine.

Onion. How now friend, what are you there? be vncouered, Would you speake with any man here?

Valen. I, or else I must ha' returnd you no answer.

Oni. Friend, you are somewhat to peremptory, let's craue your absence: nay neuer scorne it, I am a little your better in this place. *Valen.* I do acknowledge it.

Onion. Do you acknowledge it? nay then you shall go forth, Ile teach you how shall acknowledge it another time; go to, void, I must haue the hall purg'd, no setting vp of a rest here, packe, begone.

Valen. I pray you sir is not your name *Onion*?

Oni. Your friend as you may vse him, and *M. Onion*, say on.

Valen. M. Onion with a murraine, come come put off this Lyons hide, your eares haue discouered you, why *Peter*! do not I know you *Peter*?

Onion. Gods so, *Valentine*!

Valen. O can you take knowledge of me now sir?

Oni. Good Lord, sirra, how thou art altred with thy trauell?

Valen. Nothing so much as thou art with thine office, but sirra, *Onion* is the *Count Ferneze* at home? *Exit Anthony.*

Oni. I *Bully*, he is aboue; and the Lord *Paulo Ferneze*, his son, and Maddam *Aurelia*, & maddam *Phenixella*, his daughters, But O *Valentine*?

Valen. How now man, how dost thou?

Oni. Faith sad, heauy, as a man of my coate ought to be.

Valen. Why man, thou wert merry inough euen now.

Oni. True, but thou knowest

All creatures here soiorning, vpon this wretched earth,
Sometimes haue a fit of mourning, as well as a fit of mirth.

O *Valentine*, mine old Lady is dead, man.

Valen. Dead!

Oni. I faith.

Valen. When dyed she?

Onion. Mary, to morrow shall be three months, she was seene going to heauen they say, about some fiue weekes agone! how now? trickling teares, ha?

Valen. Faith thou hast made me weepe with this newes.

Onion. Why I haue done but the parte of an *Onion*, you must pardon me.

Scæne. 2.

Enter the seruer, passe by with seruice againe, the seruingmen take knowledge of Valentine *as they goe.* Iuniper *salutes him.*

Iuni. What *Valentine?* fellow *Onion*, take my dish I prithee you rogue sirrah, tell me, how thou dost, sweet *Ingle.*

Valen. Faith, *Iuniper*, the better to see thee thus frolicke.

Iuni. Nay, slid I am no changling, I am *Iuniper* still. *Exit Oni.* I keepe the priestmate ha, you mad *Hierogliphick*, when shal we swagger.

Valen. *Hierogliphick*, what meanest thou by that.

Iuni. Meane? Gods so, ist not a good word man? what? stand vpon meaning with your freinds. *Puh, Absconde.*

Valen. Why, but stay, stay, how long has this sprightly humor haunted thee?

Iuni. Foe humour, a foolish naturall gift we haue in the *Æquinoctiall.*

Valen. Naturall, slid it may be supernaturall, this?

Iuni. *Valentine*, I prithee ruminate thy selfe welcome. What *fortuna de la Guerra.*

Valen. O how pittifully are these words forc't.
As though they were pumpt out on's belly.

Iuni. Sirrah *Ingle*, I thinke thou hast seene all the strange countries in Christendome since thou wentst?

Valen. I haue seene some *Iuniper.*

Iuni. You haue seene *Constantinople?*

Valen. I, that I haue.

Iuni. And Ierusalem, and the *Indies*, and *Goodwine sands*, and the tower of *Babylon*, and *Venice* and all.

Valen. I all; no marle and he haue a nimble tong, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another.

Iuni. O it's a most heauenly thing to trauel, & see countries, especially at sea, and a man had a pattent not to be sicke.

Valen. O sea sicke Iest, and full of the scuruie.

Scæne 3.

Enter Iuniper, Antonio, Sebastian, Martino, Vincentio, Balthasar and Christophero.

Seba. *Valentine?* welcome I faith how dost sirra?

Mart. How do you good *Valentine.*

Vincen. Troth, *Valentine*, I am glad to see you.

Balth. Welcome sweet rogue.

Sebast. Before God he neuer lookt better in his life.

Balth. And how ist man? what, *Alla Coragio.*

Valen. Neuer better gentlemen I faith.

Iuni. S'will here comes the steward.

Christ. Why how now fellowes all here? and nobody to waight aboue now they are ready to rise? looke vp one or two *Signior Francesco Colonia's man* how doo's your good maister.

Exeunt Iuniper, Martino, Vincentio.

Valen. In health sir he will be here anon.

Christo. Is he come home, then?

Valen. I sir he is not past sixe miles hence, he sent me before to learne if *Count Ferneze* were here and returne him word.

Christo. Yes, my Lord is here; and you may tel your maister he shal come very happily to take his leaue of Lord *Paulo Ferneze*: who is now instantly to depart with other noble gentlemen, vpon speciall seruice.

Valen. I will tell him sir.

Christo. I pray you doe, fellowes make him drinke.

Valen. Sirs, what seruice ist they are imployed in?

Sebast. Why against the *French* they meane to haue a fling at *Millaine* againe they say.

Valen.

Valen. Who leades our forces, can you tell?

Sebast. Marry that do's Signior *Maximilian*? he is aboue, now.

Valen. Who, *Maximilian* of *Vicenza*?

Balt. I he? do you know him?

Valen. Know him? O yes he's an excellent braue soldier.

Balt. I so they say, but one of the most vaine glorious men in *Europe*.

Valen. He is indeed, marry exceeding valient.

Sebast. And that is rare.

Balt. What.

Sebast. Why to see a vaineglorious man valient.

Valen. Well he is so I assure you. *Enter Iuniper.*

Iunn. What no further yet, come on you precious rascall, sir *Valentine*, Ile giue you a health I faith; for the heauens you mad *Capriceio*, hold hooke and line.

Scæne 4.

Enter Lord Paulo Ferneze, his boy following him.

Pau. Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

Pau. Sirrah go vp to *Signior Angelio*,
And pray him (if he can) deuise some meanes,
To leaue my father, and come speake with me.

Boy I will my Lord.

Pau. Well heauen, be auspicious in the euent;
For I do this against my *Genius*,
And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason,
Why I should feare, or faint thus in my hopes,
Of one so much endeered to my loue.
Some sparke it is, kindled within the soule:
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sence,
That propagates this tymerous suspect;
His actions neuer carried any face
Of change, or weaknes: then I iniury him?
In being thus cold conceited of his faith,
O here he comes. *Enter Angelo.*

Ang. How now sweet Lord, whats the matter?

Pau. Good faith his presence makes me halfe ashamd.
Of my straid thoughts. *Boy.* Bestow your selfe. *Exit Boy.*
Where is my father, *Signior Angelio.*

Ang. Marry in the galery, where your Lordship left him.

Pau. Thats well. Then *Angelio* I will be briefe.
Since time forbids the vse of circumstance,
How well you are receiued in my affection,
Let it appeare by this one instance, onely
That now I will deliuer to your trust,
The deerest secrets, treasurd in my bosome,
Deare *Angelio.* You are not euery man,
But one, whome my election hath design'd,
As the true proper obiect of my soule:
I vrge not this t'insinuate my desert,
Or supple your tri'd temper, with soft phrases;
True frendship lothes such oyly complement:
But from th'aboundance of that loue, that flowes
Through all my spirits, is my speech enforc'd.

Ang. Before your Lordship do proceed too far,
Let me be bould to intimate thus much;
That what so ere your wisedome hath t'expose,
Be it the waightiest and most rich affaire,
That euer was included in your breast,
My faith shall poise it, if not ——

Pau. O no more,
Those words haue rapt me with their sweet effects,
So freely breath'd, and so responsible,
To that which I endeuoured to extract,
Arguing a happy mixture of our soules.

Ange. Why were there no such *sympathy* sweete Lord?
Yet the impressure of those ample fauours,
I haue deriu'd from your vnmatched spirit,
Would bind my faith to all obseruances.

Pau. How! fauours *Angello*, ô speake not of them,
They are meere paintings, and import no merit,
Lookes my loue well? thereon my hopes are plac't:

Faith,

Faith, that is bought with fauours, cannot last. *Enters Boy.*

Boy. My Lord.

Pau. How now?

Boy. You are ſought for all about the houſe, within,
The *Count* your father cals for you.

Pau. God, what croſſe euents do meet my purpoſes?
Now will he violently fret and grieue
That I am abſent. Boy, ſay I come preſently: *Exit Boy.*
Sweet *Angello*, I cannot now inſiſt
Vpon particulars, I muſt ſerue the time
The maine of all this is, I am in loue.

Ange. Why ſtarts your Lordſhip?

Pau. I thought I heard my father comming hitherward, liſt, ha?

Ange. I heare not any thing, it was but your imagination ſure.

Pau. No?

Ange. No, I aſſure your Lordſhip.

Pau. I would worke ſafely.

Ange. Why, has he no knowledge of it then?

Pau. O no, no creature yet pertakes it but your ſelfe
In a third perſon, and beleeue me friend,
The world containes not now another ſpirit,
To whom I would reueile it. Harke, harke,

Seruants. {*Signior Paulo.* / Lord *Ferneze.*} within.

Ange. A pox vpon thoſe brazen throated ſlaues,
What are they mad, trow?

Pau. Alas, blame not them,
Their ſeruices are (clock-like) to beſet,
Backward and forward, at their Lords command,
You know my father's wayward, and his humour
Muſt not receiue a check, for then all obiects,
Feede both his griefe and his impatience,
And thoſe affections in him, are like powder,
Apt to enflame with euery little ſparke,

And blow vp reason, therefore *Angelo*, peace.

within. { *Count.* Why this is rare, is he not in the garden?
Crist. I know not my Lord.
Count. See, call him?

Pau. He is comming this way, let's withdraw a little.

Exeunt.

within. { *Seruants.* Signior *Paulo*, Lord *Ferneze*, Lord *Paulo*.

Scæne 5.

Enter Count Ferneze, *Maximilian*, Aurelia, Phœnixella, Sebast. Balthasar.

Count.

WHere should he be, trow? did you looke in the armory?

Sebast. No my Lord.

Count. No, why there? ô who would keepe such drones?

Exeunt Sebast. *and* Baltha.

How now, ha ye found him? *Enter Martino.*

Mart. No my Lord.

Count. No my Lord, I shall haue shortly all my family Speake nought, but no my Lord, where is *Christophero*,

Enter Chrristophero.

Looke how he stands, you sleepy knaue, *Exit Martino.*

What is he not in the Garden?

Christo. No my good Lord.

Count. Your good Lord, ô how this smels of fennell.

Enter Sebast Baltha.

You haue bene in the garden it appeares, well, well.

Balth. We cannot find him my Lord.

Sebast. He is not in the armory.

Count. He is not, he is no where, is he?

Maxi. Count *Ferneze.*

Count. Signior.

Maxi. Preserue your patience honorable *Count.*

Count. Patience? a Saint would loose his patience to be crost,

As I am with a sort of motly braines,
See see, how like a nest of Rookes they stand, *Enter* Onion.
Gaping on one another! now *Diligence*, what news bring you?

Oni. Ant please your honour.

Count. Tut, tut, leaue pleasing of my honour *Diligence*, you double with we, come.

Oni. How: does he find fault with *Please his Honour*. S'wounds it has begun a seruingmans speech, euer since I belongd to the blew order: I know not how it may shew, now I am in blacke, but---

Count. Whats that, you mutter sir? will you proceed?

Oni. Ant like your good Lordship.

Count. Yet more; Gods precious.—

Oni. What, do not this like him neither?

Count. What say you sir knaue?

Oni. Mary I say your Lordship were best to set me to schoole againe, to learne how to deliuer a message.

Count. What do you take exceptions at me then.

Oni. Exception? I take no exceptions, but by Gods so your humours----

Count. Go to you are a Raskall, hold your tongue.

Oni. Your Lordships poore seruant, I.

Count. Tempt not my patience.

Oni. Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?

Maxi. My Lord, command your Steward to correct the slaue.

Oni. Correct him, S'bloud come you and correct him and you haue a minde to it, correct him, that's a good iest I faith, the Steward and you both, come and correct him.

Count. Nay see, away with him, pull his cloth ouer his eares.

Oni. Cloth? tell me of your cloth, here's your cloth, nay and I mourne a minute longer, I am the rotteneſt *Onion* that euer spake with a tongue. *They thrust him out.*

Maxi. What call your hind's count *Ferneze*?

Count. His name is *Onion* Signior,

Maxi. I thought him some such sawcy companion.

Count. Signior *Maximillian.*

Maxi. Sweet Lord.

Count. Let me intreat you, you would not regard
Any contempt flowing from such a spirit,
So rude, so barbarous.

Maxi. Most noble *Count* vnder your fauour---

Coun. Why Ile tell you Signior,
Heele bandy with me word for word, nay more,
Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb;
And so amaze me, that oftentimes I know not,
Whether to check or cherish his presumption:
Therefore good Signior.

Maxi. Sweet Lord satisfie your selfe, I am not now to learn how to manage my affections, I haue obseru'd, and know the difference betweene a base wretch and a true man, I can distinguish them, the property of the wretch is, he would hurt and cannot, of the man, he can hurt, and will not.

Coun. Go to, my merry daughter, ô these lookes,
Agree well with your habit, do they not? *Enter Iuniper.*

Iunip. Tut, let me alone. By your fauour, this is the Gentleman I thinke, Sir you appeare to be an honorable Gentleman, I vnderstand, and could wish (for mine owne part) that things were conden't otherwise then they are: but (the world knowes) a foolish fellow, somewhat procliue, and hasty, he did it in a preiudicate humour; mary now vpon better computation, he wanes; he melts; his poore eyes are in a cold sweat. Right noble *Signior*, you can haue but compunction, I loue the man, tender your compassion.

Maxi. Doth any man here vnderstand this fellow?

Iunip. O God sir, I may say *frustra* to the comprehension of your intellection.

Maxi. Before the Lord, he speakes all riddle, I thinke. I must haue a comment ere I can conceiue him.

Count. Why he sues to haue his fellow *Onion* pardon'd,
And you must grant it Signior.

Maxi. O with all my soule my Lord, is that his motion?

Iunip.

Iunip. I sir, and we shall retort these kinde fauours with all allacrity of spirit, we can sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause, till when in spight of this complement: I rest a poore Cobler, seruant to my honorable Lord here, your friend and *Iuniper.* *Exit.*

Maxi. How *Iuniper?*

Count. I Signior.

Maxi. He is a sweete youth, his tongue has a happy turne when he sleepes.

Enter Paulo Ferneze, Francisco, Colomea, Angelo, Valentine.

Count. I for then it rests, O Sir your welcome,
Why God be thanked you are found at last:
Signior *Coloma* truly you are welcome,
I am glad to see you sir so well returned.

Fran. I gladly thanke your honour, yet indeed
I am sory for such cause of heauinesse,
As hath possest your Lordship in my absence.

Count. O *Francisco!* you knew her what she was!

Fran. She was a wise and honorable Lady.

Count. I was she not! well weepe not she is gone,
Passons duld eye can make two grieues of one,
Whom death marke out, vertue, nor bluod can saue,
Princes, as beggers, all must feed the graue.

Max. Are your horse ready Lord *Paulo,*

Pau. I signior the stay for vs at the gate.

Max. Well tis good. Ladies I will take my leaue of you,
Be your fortunes as your selues? faire. Come let vs to horse,
Count *Ferneze* I beare a spirit full of thanks for all your honorable courtesies.

Count: Sir I could wish the number and value of them more in respect of your deseruings. But *Signior Maximilian.* I pay you a word in priuate.

Aur. I Faith brother you are fitted for a generall yonder,
Beshrow my heart (If I had *Fortunatus* hat here) and I would not wish my selfe a man and go with you, only t'enioy his presence. *Pau.*

Pan. Why do you loue him so well sister.

Aur. No by my troth, but I haue such an odde prety apprehension of his humour me thinks: that I am eene tickled with the conceite of it.

One is a fine man.

Ang. And me thinks another may be as fine as he.

Aur. O *Angelio*, do you thinke I do vrge any comparison against you? no, I am not so ill bred, as to be a deprauer of your worthines: beleeue me, if I had not some hope of your abiding with vs, I should neuer desire to go out of black whilst I liued: but learne ~~to speake i' the nose~~, and turne puritan presently.

Ang. I thanke you Lady: I know you can flout.

Aur. Come doe you take it so? I faith you wrong me.

Fran. I, but Maddame,
Thus to disclaime in all the effects of pleasure,
May make your sadnesse seeme to much affected,
And then the proper grace of it is lost.

Phœnix Indeed sir, if I did put on this sadnesse
Onely abroad, and in Society,
And were in priuate merry; and quick humor'd;
Then might it seeme affected and abhord:
But as my lookes appeare, such is my spirit,
Drown'd vp with confluence of griefe, and melancholy,
That like to riuers run through all my vaines,
Quenching the pride and feruour of my bloud.

Max. My honorable Lord? no more:
There is the honour of my bloud ingag'd,
For your sonnes safety.

Count. Signior, blame me not,
For tending his security so much,
He is mine onely sonne, and that word onely,
Hath with his strong, and reprecussiue sound,
Stroke my heart cold, and giuen it a deepe wound.

Max. Why but stay, I beseech you, had your Lordship euer any more sonnes then this.

Count. Why haue not you knowen it *Maximilian*?

Max. Let my Sword faile me then.

Count. I had one other yonger borne then this,
By twise so many how ers as would fill
The circle of a yeare, his name *Camillo*,
Whome in that blacke, and fearfull night I lost,
(Tis now a nineteene yeares agone at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my braine as twere but yesterday)
It was that night wherein the great *Chamont*,
The generall for *France* surprised *Vicenza*,
Me thinks the horrour of that clamorous shout
His souldiers gaue when they attaind the wall,
Yet tingles in mine eare, me thinkes I see
With what amazed lookes, distracted thoughts,
And minds confus'd, we, that were citizens,
Confronted one another: euery street
Was fild with bitter selfe tormenting cries,
And happy was that foote, that first could presse,
The flowry champaigne, bordering on *Verona*
Heere I (imploy'd about my deare wiues safety)
Whose soule is now in peace) lost my *Camillo*.
Who sure was murdered by the barbarous Souldiers,
Or else I should haue heard——my heart is great.
Sorrow is faint? and passion makes me sweat.

Max Grieue not sweet *Count*: comfort your spirits, you haue a sonne a noble gentleman, he stands in the face of honour: For his safety let that be no question. I am maister of my fortune, and he shall share with me. Farewell my honorable Lord. Ladies onc emore adiew, for your selfe maddam you are a most rare creature, I tell you so, be not proud of it, I loue you: come Lord *Paulo* to horse.

Pau. Adiew good Signior *Francesco*: farewell sister.

Sound a tucket, and as they passe euery one seuerally depart, Maximilian, Paulo Fernese and Angelo remaine

Ang. How shall we rid him hence.

Pan. Why well inough? sweet *Signior Maximilian*,
I haue some small occasion to stay:
If it may please you but take horse afore
Ile ouer take you, ere your troopes be ranged.
Max. Your motion hath tast wel: Lord *Ferneze* I go. *Exit Max.*
Pan. Now if my loue faire *Rachel*, were so happy,
But to looke forth. See fortune doth me grace.
Enter Rachel.
Before I can demaund? how now loue.
Where is your father?
Rach. Gone abroad my Lord:
Pan: Thats well,
Rach. I but I feare heele presently returne,
Are you now going my most honored Lord?
Pan. I my sweet *Rachel*.
Ang. Before God, she is a sweet wench.
Pan. *Rachel* I hope I shall not need to vrge,
The sacred purity of our effects,
As if it hung in triall or suspence:
Since in our hearts, and by our mutuall vowes,
It is confirmd and seald in sight of heauen.
Nay doe not weepe, why starte you? feare not, *Loue*.
Your father cannot be returned so soone,
I prithee doe not looke so heauily
Thou shalt want nothing:
Rach. No is your presence nothing,
I shall want that, and wanting that, want all
For that is all to me.
Pan. Content thee sweet
I haue Made choise here of a constant friend
This gentleman? one, whose zealous loue
I doe repose more, then on all the world,
Thy beauteous selfe excepted: and to him,
Haue I committed my deere care of thee,
As to my genius, or my other soule.
Rsceiue hi gentle loue and what defects,

My absence proues, his presence shall supply.
The time is enuious of our longer stay.
Farewell deere *Rachel*.

Rach: Most deere Lord, adew,
Heauen and honour crowne your deeds, and you.

Exit Rachel.

Pau. Faith tell me *Angelio* how dost thou like her?

Ang. Troth well my Lord, but shall I speake my mind.

Pau. I prithee doe.

Ang. She is deriud too meanely to be wife
To such a noble person, in my iudgement.

Pau. Nay then thy iudgement is to meene, I feare.
Didst thou neare read in difference of good
Tis more to shine in vertue then in bloud. *Enter Iaques.*

Ang. Come you are so sententious my Lord.

Pau. Here comes her father. How dost thou good *Iaques*?

Ang. God saue thee *Iaques*.

Iaq. What should this meane? *Rachel* open the dore.

Exit Iaques.

Ang. Sbloud how the poore slaue lookes, as though
He had bene hauuted by the spirit *Lar*,
Or seene the ghost of some great *Saturnus*.
In an vnsauory sheet.

Pau. I muse he spake no, belike he was amazd
Comming so suddenly and vnprepard? Well lets go: *Exeunt.*

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Enter Iaques solus.

SO now inough my heart, beat now no more;
At least for this affright, what a could sweat,
Flow'd on my browes, and ouer all my bosome!
Had I not reason? to behold my dore
Beset with vnthrifts, and my selfe abroad?
Why *Iaques*? was their nothing in the house
Worth a continuall eye, a vigelent thought,

Whose head should neuer nod, nor eyes once wincke?
Looke on my coate; my thoughts; worne quite shredbare,
That time could neuer couer with a nappe,
And by it learne, neuer with nappes of sleepe,
To smother your conceipts of that you keepe.
But yet, I maruell, why these gallant youths
Spoke me so faire, and I esteemd a beggar?
The end of flattery, is gaine, or lechery:
If they seeke gaine of me, they thinke me rich,
But that they do not: for their other obiect:
Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be.
And by your leaue, her handsomnesse may tell them
My beggery counterfeits, and, that her neatnesse,
Flowes from some store of wealth, that breakes my coffers,
With this same engine, loue to mine owne breed,
But this is answered: *Beggers will keepe fine,*
Their daughters, being faire, though themselues pine.
Well then, it is for her, I, t'is sure for her,
And I make her so briske for some of them,
That I might liue alone once with my gold.
O t'is a sweet companion! kind and true,
A man may trust it when his father cheats him;
Brother, or friend, or wife, ô wondrous pelfe,
„ *That which makes all men false, is true it selfe.*
But now this maid, is but suppos'd my daughter:
For I being Steward to a Lord of France,
Of great estate, and wealth, called Lord *Chammount*,
He gone into the warres, I stole his treasure;
(But heare not, any thing) I stole his treasure,
And this his daughter, being but two yeares old,
Because it lou'd me so, that it would leaue
The nurse her selfe, to come into mine armes,
And had I left it, it would sure haue dyed.
Now herein I was kinde, and had a conscience;
And since her Lady mother that did dye
In child-bed of her, loued me passing well,

It may be nature fashiond this affection,
Both in the child and her: but hees ill bred,
That ransackes tombes, and doth deface the dead.
I'le therefore say no more: suppose the rest,
Here haue I chang'd my forme, my name and hers.
And liue obsurely, to enioy more safe *Enter Rachel.*
My deerest treasure. But I must abroad, *Rachel.*

Rach. VVhat is your pleasure sir?

Iaq. Rachel I must abroad.
Lock thy selfe in, but yet take out the key,
That whosoeuer peepes in at the key-hole,
May yet imagine there is none at home.

Rach. I will sir.

Iaq. But harke thee *Rachel*: say a theefe should come,
And misse the key, he would resoule indeede
None were at home, and so breake in the rather:
Ope the doore *Rachel*, set it open daughter;
But sit in it thy selfe: and talke alowd,
As if there were some more in house with thee:
Put out the fire, kill the chimnies hart,
That it may breath no more then a dead man,
The more we spare my child, the more we gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2.

Enter Christophero, Iuniper and Onion.

Christ. What sayes my fellow *Onion?* come on.

Oni. All of a house sir, but no fellowes, you are my Lords Steward, but I pray you what thinke you of loue, sir?

Christ. Of loue *Onion?* Why it's a very honourable humor.

Oni. Nay if it be but worshipfull I care not.

Iunip. Go to, it's honorable, checke not at the conceit of the Gentleman.

Oni. But in truth sir, you shall do well to think well of loue: For it thinkes well of you, in me, I assure you.

Chris. Gramercy fellow *Onion*: I do thinke well, thou art in loue, art thou?

Oni. Partly sir, but I am asham'd to say wholy.

Chris. Well, I will further it in thee to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can.

Iunip. Why now you come neere him sir, he doth vaile, He doth remunerate, he doth chaw the cud in the kindnesse Of an honest imperfection to your worship.

Chris But who is it thou louest fellow *Onion*?

Oni. Mary a poore mans daughter, but none of the honestest, I hope.

Chris. Why, wouldst thou not haue her honest?

Oni. O no, for then I am sure she would not haue me. T'is *Rachel de Prie*.

Chris. Why, she hath the name of a very vertuous mayden.

Iunip. So shee is sir, but the fellow talkes in quiddits, he.

Chris. What wouldst thou haue me do in the matter?

Oni. Do nothing sir, I pray you, but speake for me.

Chris. In what maner?

Oni. My fellow *Iuniper* can tell you sir.

Iunip. Why as thus sir. Your worship may commend him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh with desire of procreation, or so.

Chris. That were not so good, me thinkes.

Iunip. No sir, why so sir? what if you should say to her, correborate thy selfe sweete soule, let me distinguish thy pappes with my fingers, diuine Mumps, prety *Pastorella*? lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend here.

Chris. Well I perceiue you wish, I should say something may do him grace, and further his desires, and that be sure I will.

Oni. I thanke you sir, God saue your life, I pray God sir.

Iunip. Your worship is too good to liue long: youle contaminate me no seruice.

Chris.

Chris. Command thou wouldest say, no good *Iuniper.*
Iunip. Health and wealth sir.

Exeunt Onion and Iuniper.

Chris. This wench will solicite for my selfe,
Making my Lord and maister priuy to it;
And if he second me with his consent,
I will proceede, as hauing long ere this,
Though her a worthy choyce to make my wife. *Exit.*

Scæne 3.

Enter Aurelia, Phœnixella.

Aure. Roome for a case of matrons coloured blacke,
How motherly my mothers death hath made vs?
I would I had some girles now to bring vp;
O I could make a wench so vertuous,
She should say grace to euery bit of meate,
And gape no wider then a wafers thickneſſe:
And she should make French curſies, so most low,
That euery touch should turne her ouer backward.
Phœni. Sister, these words become not your attire,
Nor your estate: our vertuous mothers death
Should print more deepe effects of sorrow in vs,
Then may be worne out in so little time.
Aure. Sister, faith you take too much Tobacco,
It makes you blacke within, as y'are without.
What true-stich sister? both your sides alike?
Be of a sleighter worke: for of my word,
You shall be sold as deere or rather deerer?
Will you be bound to *customes* and to *rites*?
Shed profitable teares, weepe for aduantage;
Or else, do all things, as you are enclynd.
Hate when your stomacke serues (saith the *Physitian*)
Not at *eleuen* and *sixe*. So if your humour
Be now affected with this heauineſſe.

Giue

Giue me the reines and spare not, as I do,
In this my pleasurable appetite,
It is *Præcisianisme* to alter that
With austere iudgement, that is giuen by nature.
I wept you saw too, when my mother dyed:
For then I found it easier to do so,
And fitter with my moode, then not to weepe.
But now tis otherwise, another time
Perhaps I shall haue such deepe thoughts of her,
That I shall weepe a fresh, some twelue month hence,
And I will weepe, if I be so dispos'd,
And put on blacke, as grimly then, as now;
Let the minde go still with the bodies stature,
Iudgement is fit for Iudges, giue me nature.

Scæne. 4.

Enter Aurelia, Phanixella, Francisco, Angelo.

FRan. See Signior *Angelo* here are the Ladies,
Go you and comfort one, Ile to the other.
Ange. Therefore I come sir, I'le to the eldest.
God saue you Ladies, these sad moodes of yours,
That make you choose these solitary walkes,
Are hurtfull for your beauties.
Aure. If we had them.
Ange. Come, that condition might be for your hearts,
When you protest faith, since we cannot see them.
But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face
Is in mine eye still.
Aure. O you cut my heart
with your sharpe eye.
Ange. Nay Lady thats not so, your heart's to hard.
Aure. My beauties hart?
Ange. O no.
I meane that regent of affection, *Maddam*,

That

That trampleſ on al loue with ſuch contempt
n this faire breaſt.
Aur. No more, your drift is ſauour'd,
I had rather ſeeme hard hearted
Ang. Then hard ſauour 'd,
Is that your meaning, Lady?
Aur. Go too ſir.
Your wits are freſh I know, they need no ſpur,
Ang. And therefore you wil ride them.
Aur. Say I doe.
They will not tire I hope?
Ang. No not with you, hark you ſweet Lady.
Fran. Tis much pitty Maddam.
You ſhould haue any reaſon to retaine
This ſigne of griefe, much leſſe the thing diſignde.
Phœ. Griefes are more fit for Ladies then their pleaſures.
Fran. That is for ſuch as follow nought but pleaſures.
But you that temper them ſo wel with vertues,
Vſing your griefes ſo it would prooue them pleaſures.
And you would ſeeme in cauſe of griefes & pleaſures equally
pleaſant.
Phœ Sir ſo I do now.
It is the exceſſe of either that I ſtriue
So much to ſhun in all my proou'd endeauours,
Although perhaps vnto a generall eye,
I may appeare moſt wedded to my griefes,
Yet doth my mind forſake no taſt of pleaſure,
I meane that happy pleaſure of the ſoule,
Deuine and ſacred contemplation
Of that eternall, and moſt glorious bliſſe,
Propoſed as the crowne vnto our ſoules.
Fran. I will be ſilent, yet that I may ſerue
But as a *Decade* in the art of memory
To put you ſtil in mind of your owne vertues
When your too ſerious thoughts make you too ſad)
Accept me for your ſeruant honored Lady.

Phœn. Those cerimonies are too comon signior *Francis*,
For your vncommon grauitie, and iudgement,
And fits them onely, that are nought but cerimony.
Ang. Come, I will not sue, stally to be your seruant,
But a new tearme, will you be my refuge?
Aur. Your refuge, why sir.
Ange. That I might fly to you, when all else faile me.
Aur. And you be good at flying, be my Plouer.
Ang. Nay take away the P.
Aur. Tut, then you cannot fly.
Ang. Ile warrant you. Ile borrow *Cupids* wings.
Aur. Masse then I feare me youle do strange things:
I pray you blame me not, if I suspect you,
Your owne confession simply doth detect you,
Nay and you be so great in *Cupids* bookes,
T'will make me Iealous. you can with your lookes
(I warrant you) enflame a womans heart,
And at your pleasure take loues golden dart,
And wound the brest of any vertous maide.
Would I were hence: good Faith I am affraid,
You can constraine one ere they be aware,
To run mad for your loue?
Ang. O this is rate.

Scæne 6.

Aurelio, Phœnixella, Francisco, Angelo, Count.

Count. Close with my daughters gentlemen? wel done,
Tis like your selues: nay lusty *Angelo*,
Let not my presence make you bauke your sport,
I will not breake a minute of discourse
Twixt you and one of your faire Mistresses.
Ang. One of my mistresses? why thinks your Lordship
I haue so many
Count. Many? no *Angelo*.

I do not thinke th'aſt many, ſome fourteene
I here thou haſt, euen of our worthieſt dames,
Of any note, in *Millaine*:
Ang. Nay good my Lord fourteene: it is not ſo.
Count. By'th the Maſſe that iſt, here are their names to ſhew
Fourteene, or fifteene t'one. *Good Angelo.*
You need not be aſhamd of any of them,
They are gallants all.
Ang. Sbloud you are ſuch a Lord.
Count. Nay ſtay ſweet *Angelo*, I am diſpoſed *Exit Ang:*
A little to be pleaſant paſt my couſtome,
He's gone? he's gone, I haue diſgraſt him ſhrewdly,
Daughters take heede of him, he's a wild youth,
Looke what he ſayes to you beleeue him not,
He will ſweare loue to euery one he ſees.
Franciſco, giue them councell, good *Franciſco*,
I dare truſt thee with both, but him with neither.
Fran. Your Lordſhip yet may truſt both them with him.
Exunt.

Scæne 7.

Count. *Chriſtopher*,
Count. Well goe your waies away; how now *Chriſtopher*,
What newes with you?
Chriſt. I haue an humble ſuit to your good Lordſhip.
Count. A ſuit *Chriſtopher*? what ſuit I prithee?
Chriſt. I would craue pardon at your Lordſhips hands,
If it ſeeme vaine or ſimple in your ſight.
Count. Ile pardon all ſimplicity, *Chriſtopher*,
What is thy ſuit?
Chriſt. Perhaps being now ſo old a batcheler,
I ſhall ſeeme halfe vnwiſe, to bend my ſelfe
In ſtrict affection to a poore yong maide.
Count. What? is it touching loue *Chriſtopher*?
Art thou diſpoſt to marry, why tis well.
Chriſto. I, but your Lordſhip may imagine now
That I being ſteward of your honours houſe.

If I be maried once, will more regard
The maintenance of my wife and of my charge,
Then the due discharge of my place and office:
Count. No, no, *Christopher*, I know thee honest.
Christo. Good faith my Lord, yout honour may suspect it.
but——
Count. Then I should wrong thee, thou hast euer been
Honest and true, and will be still I knowe.
Chris. I but this marriage alters many men:
And you may feare, it will do me my Lord,
But ere it do so? I will vndergoe
Ten thousand seuerall deaths.
Count. I know it man.
Who wouldst thou haue I prithee?
Chris. *Rachel de prie*,
If your good Lordship, graunt me your consent.
Count. *Rachel de prie?* what the poore beggers daughter?
Shees a right handsome maide, how poore soeuer,
And thou hast my consent, with all my hart.
Chris. I humbly thanke your honour. Ile now aske her
father. *Exit.*
Count. Do so *Christofero* thou shalt do well.
Tis strange (she being so poore) he should affect her,
But this is more strange that my selfe should loue her.
I spide her, lately, at her fathers doore,
And if I did not see in her sweet face
Gentry and nobleneſſe, nere trust me more:
But this perswasion, fancie wrought in me,
That fancie being created with her lookes,
For where loue is he thinke his baſeſt obiect
Gentle and noble: I am farre in loue,
And shall be forc'd to wrong my honest steward,
For I must sue, and seeke her for my selfe;
How much my duetie to my late dead wife,
And my owne deere renowne so ere it swaies,
Ile to her father straight. *Loue hates delays.* *Exit*

Scæ

Scæne 8.

Enter Onion, Iuniper, Valentine, Sebastian, Balthasar, Martino.

Onion. Come on Ifaith, lets to some exercise or other my hearts: Fetch the hilts fellow *Iuniper*, wilt thou play: *Exit Martino.*

Iun. I cannot resolue you? tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgell.

Valen. How dost thou bastinado the poore cudgell with rearmes?

Iuni. O *Ingle*, I haue the phrases man, and the *Anagrams* and the *Epitaphs*, fitting the mistery of the noble science.

Oni. Ile be hangd & he were not misbegotten of some fencer.

Sebast. Sirrah *Valentine*, you can resolue me now, haue they their maisters of defence in other countries as we haue here in *Italy*?

Valen. O Lord, I, especially they in *Vtopia*, there they performe their prizes and chalenges, with as great cerimony as the *Italian* or any nation else.

Balt Indeed? how is the manner of it (for gods loue) good *Valentine*?

Iuni. *Ingle*? I prithee make recourse vnto vs, wee are thy friends and familiars: sweet *Ingle*.

Valen. Why thus sir.

Oni. God a mercy good *Valentine*, nay go on.

Iuni. *Silentium bonus socius* *Onionus*, good fellow *Onion* be not so ingenious, and turbulent: so sir? and how? how sweete *Ingle*?

Valen. Marry. first they are brought to the publicke *Theater*:

Iuni. What? ha? they *Theater* there

Valen. *Theaters*? I and plaies too: both tragidy and comedy & set foorth with as much state as can be imagined?

Iuni. By Gods so; a man is nobody, till he has trauelled.

Sebast. And how are their plaies? as ours are? extemporall?

Valen. O no? all premeditated things, and some of them very good I faith, my maister vsed to visite them often when he was there.

Balth. Why how are they in a place where any man may see them?

Valen. I, in the common *Theaters*, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play to obserue the sway and variety of oppinion that passeth it. A man shall haue such a confus'd mixture of iudgement, powr'd out in the throng there, as ridiculous, as laughter it selfe: one saies he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing. And sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in fiue yeare at a *Parliament* time or so, will be as deepe myr'd in censuring as the best, and sweare by Gods foote he would neuer stirre his foote to see a hundred such as that is.

Oni. I must trauell to see these things, I shall nere think well of my selfe else.

Iunip. Fellow *Onion*, Ile beare thy charges and thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me, to the land of *Vtopia*.

Sebast. Why but me thinkes such rookes as these should be asham'd to iudge.

Valen. Not a whit? the rankest stinkard of them all, will take vpon him as peremptory, as if he had writ himselfe *in artibus magister*.

Sebast. And do they stand to a popular censure for any thing they present.

Valen. I euer, euer, and the people generally are very acceptiue and apt to applaud any meritable worke, but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Balth. What be they?

Iunip. I come lets know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Valen. Marry? one is the rude barbarous crue, a people that haue no braines, and yet grounded iudgements, these will hisse

any

any thing that mounts aboue their grounded capacities. But the other are worth the obseruation, I faith.

Omnes. What be they? what be they?

Valen. Faith a few *Caprichious* gallants.

Iunip. *Caprichious*? stay, that word's for me.

Valen. And they haue taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approue nothing, be it neuer so conceited or elaborate, but sit dispersst, making faces, and spitting, wagging their vpright eares and cry filthy, filthy. Simply vttering their owne condition, and vsing their wryed countenances in stead of a vice, to turne the good aspects of all that shall sit neere them, from what they behold.

Enter Martino with cudgels.

Oni. O that's well sayd, lay them downe, come sirs. Who plaies, fellow *Iuniper*, *Sebastian*, *Balthasar*: Some body take them vp, come.

Iunip. *Ingle Valentine?*

Valen. Not I sir, I professe it not.

Iunip. *Sebastian.*

Sebast. *Balthasar.*

Balth. Who? I?

Oni. Come, but one bout, Ile giue hem thee, I faith.

Balth. Why, heres *Martino.*

Oni. Foe he, alas he cannot play a whit, man.

Iunip. That's all one: no more could you *in statu quo prius*, *Martino*, play with him, euery man has his beginning and conduction.

Mart. Will you not hurt me fellow *Onion*?

Oni. Hurt thee, no? and I do, put me among pot-hearbs, And chop me to peeces, come on?

Iunip. By your fauor sweet bullies giue them roome, back, so, *Martino*, do not looke so thin vpon the matter.

Oni. Ha, well plaid, fall ouer to my legge now? so, to your guard againe, excellent, to my head now, make home your blow: spare not me, make it home, good, good againe.

Sebast. Why how now *Peter*?

Valen.

Valen. Gods so, *Onion* has caught a bruise.

Iunip. Couragio? be not *caprichious*? what?

Oni. *Caprichious?* not I, I scorn to be *caprichious* for a scrach, *Martino* must haue another bout, come.

Val. Seb. Balth. No, no, play no more, play no more.

Oni. Foe, tis nothing, a philip, a deuise, fellow *Iuniper* prithee get me a Plantan, I had rather play with one that had skil by halfe.

Mart. By my troth, fellow *Onion*, twas against my will.

Oni. Nay that's not so, twas against my head,
But come, weele ha one bout more.

Iunip. Not a bout, not a stroke.

Omnes. No more, no more.

Iunip. Why Ile giue you demonstration, how it came,
Thou openest the dagger to falsifie ouer with the back sword frick, and he interrupted, before he could fall to the close.

Oni. No, no, I know best how it was better thē any man here, I felt his play presently: for looke you, I gathered vpon him thus, thus do you see? for the double locke, and tooke it single on the head.

Valen. He sayes very true, he tooke it single on the head.

Sebast. Come lets go. *Enter Martino with a cob-web.*

Mar. Here fellow *Onion*, heres a cob-web.

Oni. How? a cob-web *Martino*, I will haue another bout with you? S'wounds do you first breake my head, and then giue me a plaister in scorne? come to it, I will haue a bout.

Mart. God's my witnesse.

Oni. Tut! your witnesse cannot serue.

Iunip. S'bloud? why what, thou art not lunatike, art thou? and thou bee'st auoide *Mephostophiles*. Say the signe shoud be in *Aries* now: as it may be for all vs, where were your life? Answere me that?

Sebast. Hee sayes well, *Onion*.

Valen. I indeed doo's he.

Iunip. Come, come, you are a foolish *Naturalist*, go, get a white a of an egge, and a little flax, and close the breach of the

head,

head, it is the moſt conducible thing that can be. *Martino*, do not inſinuate vpon your good fortune, but play an honeſt part and beare away the bucklers. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scæne 1.

Enter Angelo ſolus.

Ange. My yong and ſimple friend, *Paulo Ferneze*,
Bound me with mighty ſolemne coniurations,
To be true to him, in his loue, to *Rachel*,
And to ſolicite his remembrance ſtill,
In his enforced abſence, much, I faith.
True to my friend in caſes of affection?
In womens caſes? what a ieſt it is?
How ſilly he is, that imagines it!
He is an aſſe that will keepe promiſe ſtrictly
In any thing that checkes his priuate pleaſure;
Chiefly in loue. S'bloud am not I a man?
Haue I not eyes that are as free to looke?
And bloud to be enflam'd as well as his?
And when it is ſo, ſhall I not purſue
Mine owne loues longings, but preferre my friends?
I tis a good foole, do ſo, hang me then,
Becauſe I ſwore, alas, who doo's not know,
That louers periuries are ridiculous?
Haue at thee *Rachel*: Ile go court her ſure:
For now I know her father is abroad. *Enter Iaques.*
S'bloud ſee, he is here, ô what damn'd lucke is this?
This labour's loſt, I muſt by no meanes ſee him.
tare, dery, dery, Exit.

Scæne 2.

Iaques, Chriſtophero.

Iaq. Miſchiefe and hell, what is this man a ſpirit,
Haunts he my houſes ghoſt? ſtill at my doore?

He has beene at my doore, he has beene in,
In my deere doore: pray God my gold be safe.
Enter Christophero.
Gods pitty, heres another. *Rachel, ho Rachel.*
Chris. God saue you honest father.
Iaq. *Rachel*, Gods light, come to me, *Rachel*, *Rachel*! *Exit.*
Chris. Now in Gods name what ayles he? this is strange!
He loues his daughter so, Ile lay my life,
That hee's afraid, hauing beene now abroad,
I come to seeke her loue vnlawfully. *Enter Iaques.*
Iaq. Tis safe, tis safe, they haue not rob'd my treasure.
Chris. Let it not seeme offensiue to you sir.
Iaq. Sir, Gods my life, sir, sir, call me sir.
Chris. Good father here me.
Iaq. You are most welcome sir,
I meant almost; and would your worship speake?
Would you abase your selfe to speake to me?
Chris. Tis no abasing father: my intent
Is to do further honour to you sir
Then onely speake: which is to be your sonne.
Iaq. My gold is in his nostrels, he has smelt it,
Breake breast, breake heart, fall on the earth my entrailes,
With this same bursting admiration!
He knowes my gold, he knowes of all my treasure,
How do you know sir? whereby do you guesse?
Chris. At what sir? what ist you meane?
Iaq. I aske, an't please your Gentle worship, how you know?
I meane, how I should make your worship know
That I haue nothing——
To giue with my poore daughter? I haue nothing;
The very aire, bounteous to euery man,
Is scant to me, sir.
Chris. I do thinke good father, you are but poore,
Iaq. He thinkes so, harke, but thinke so:
He thinkes not so, he knowes of all my treasure. *Exit.*
Christ.

Chris. Poore man he is so ouerioyed to heare
His daughter may be past his hopes bestowed,
That betwixt feare and hope (if I meane simply)
He is thus passionate. *Enter Iaques.*

Iaq. Yet all is safe within, is none without?
No body breake my walles?

Chris. What say you father, shall I haue your daughter?

Iaq. I haue no dowry to bestow vpon her.

Chris. I do expect none, father.

Iaq. That is well,
Then I beseech your worship make no question
Of that you wish, tis too much fauour to me.

Chris. Ile leaue him now to giue his passions breath,
Which being setled, I will fetch his daughter:
I shall but moue too much, to speake now to him.
Exit Christophero.

Iaq. So, hee's gone, would all were dead and gone,
That I might liue with my deere gold alone.

Scæne 3.

Iaques, Count.

Count. Here is the poore old man.

Iaq. Out of my soule another, comes he hither?

Count. Be not dismaid old man, I come to cheere you.

Iaq. To me by heauen,
Turne ribs to brasse, turne voice into a trumpet,
To rattle out the battels of my thoughts,
One comes to hold me talke, while th'other robbes me.
Exit.

Count. He has forgot me sure: what should this meane?
He feares authority, and my want of wife
Will take his daughter from him to defame her:
He that hath naught on earth but one poore daughter,
May take this extasie of care to keepe her.

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. And yet tis safe: they meane not to vse force,
But fawning comming. I shall easly know
By his next question, if he thinke me rich,
Whom see I? my good Lord?

Count. Stand vp good father, I call thee not father for thy age,
But that I gladly wish to be thy sonne,
In honoured marriage with thy beauteous daughter.

Iaq. O, so, so, so, so, so, this is for gold,
Now it is sure, this is my daughters neatnesse,
Makes them beleeue me rich. No, my good Lord,
Ile tell you all; how my poore hapless daughter
Got that attire she weares from top to toe.

Count. Why father, this is nothing.

Iaq. O yes, good my Lord.

Count. Indeed it is not.

Iaq. Nay sweet Lord pardon me? do not dissemble,
Heare your poore beads-man speake; tis requisite
That I (so huge a beggar) make account
Of things that passe my calling: she was borne
T'enioy nothing vnderneath the sonne:
But that, if she had more then other beggars
She should be enuied: I will tell you then
How she had all she weares, her warme shooes (God wot)
A kind maide gaue her, seeing her go barefoot
In a cold frosty morning; God requite her;
Her homely stockings

Count. Father, Ile heare no more, thou mou'st too much
With thy too curious answere for thy daughter,
That doth deserue a thousand times as much,
Ile be thy Sonne in law, and she shall weare
Th'attire of Countesses.

Iaq. O good my Lord,
Mock not the poore, remembers not your Lordship,
That pouerty is the precious gift of God.

As well as riches, tread vpon me, rather
Then mocke my poorenes.
Count. Rise I say:
When I mocke poorenes, then heauens make me poore.
Enter Nuntius.

Scæne 7.

Nuncio, Count.

Nvn. See heres the *Count Ferneze*, I will tell him
The hapleſſe accident of his braue ſonne,
That hee may ſeeke the ſooner to redeeme him,
Exit Iaques.
God ſaue your Lordſhip.
Count. You are right welcome ſir.
Nun. I would I brought ſuch newes as might deſerue it.
Count. What, bring you me ill newes?
Nun. Tis ill my Lord,
Yet ſuch as vſuall chance of warre affoords,
And for which all men are prepar'd that vſe it,
And thoſe that vſe it not, but in their friends,
Or in their children.
Count. Ill newes of my ſonne?
My deere and onely ſonne, Ile lay my ſoule,
Ay me accurs'd, thought of his death doth wound me,
And the report of it will kill me quite.
Nun. Tis not ſo ill my Lord.
Count. How then?
Nun. Hee's taken priſoner, and that's all.
Count. That's enough, enough,
I ſet my thoughts on loue, on ſeruile loue,
Forget my vertuous wife, feele not the dangers,
The bands and wounds of mine owne fleſh and bloud,
And therein am a mad man: therein plagu'd,
With the moſt iuſt affliction vnder heauen.

Is *Maximilian* taken prisoner to?

Nun. My good my Lord, he is return'd with prisoners.

Count. Ist possible, can *Maximilian*?
Returne, and view my face without my sonne,
For whom he swore such care as for himselfe?

Nun. My Lord no care can change the euents of war.

Count. O! in what tempests do my fortunes saile,
Still wrackt with winds more foule and contrary,
Then any northen gueſt, or Southerne ſlawe?
That euer yet inforc't the sea to gape,
And swallow the poore Marchants traffique vp?
First in *Vicenza*, lost I my first sonne;
Next here in *Millaine* my most deere lou'd Lady:
And now my *Paulo*, prisoner to the *French*,
Which last being printed with my other griefes,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my breſt
Cannot containe them. But this is my loue:
I must make loue to *Rachel*, heauen hath throwne,
This vengeance on me most deseruedly:
Were it for nought but wronging of my steward.

Nun. My Lord since onely mony may redresse
The worst of this misfortune, be not griued,
Prepare his ransome and your noble sonne
Shall greete your cheered eyes, with the more honour.

Count. I will prepare his ransome: gratious heauen
Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honored and souldier-like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proude foe. And here I vow,
Neuer to dreame of seeme-les amorous toyes,
Nor aime at other ioy on earth,
But the fruition of my onely sonne. *Exunt*

Scæne

Scæne 5.

Enter Iaques with his gold and a ſcuttle full of horſe-dung.

Iaq, He's gone: I knew it; this is our hot louer,
I will beleeue them! If they may come in
Like ſimple woers, and be arrant theeues,
And I not know them! tis not to be told,
What ſeruile villanies, men will do for gold,
O it began to haue a huge ſtrong ſmell,
Which lying ſo long together in a place;
Ile giue it vent, it ſhall ha ſhift inough,
And if the diuell, that enuies all goodneſſe,
Haue told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
Ile ſet his burning noſe once more a worke,
To ſmell where I remou'd it, here it is:
Ile hide and couer it with this horſe-dung:
Who will ſuppoſe that ſuch a precious neſt
Is crownd with ſuch a dunghill excrement?
In my deere life, ſleepe ſweetly my deere child.
,, Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
,, And thats enough. Rot all hands that come neere thee
Except mine owne. Burne out all eyes that ſee thee,
Except mine owne. All thoughts of thee be poyſon
To their enamor'd harts, except mine owne,
Ile take no leaue, ſweet Prince great Emperour,
But ſee thee euery minute, King of Kings,
Ile not be rude to thee, and turne my backe,
In going from thee, but go backward out:
With my face toward thee, with humble curteſies,
None is within. None ouerlookes my wall.
To haue gold, and to haue it ſafe, is all. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scæne 1.

Enter Maximilian, with souldiers Chamount, Camilla, Ferneze, Pacue.

Max. Lord *Chamount* and your valient friend there, I cannot say welcome to Millaine: your thoughts and that word are not musicall, but I can say you are come to *Millaine:*

Pac. Mort diew.

Cha. Gar soone.

Max. Gentlemen (I would cal an Emperour so) you are now my prisoners, I am sorry, marry this, spit in the face of your fortunes, for your vsage shall be honorable.

Cam. Wee know it signior *Maximilian,*
The fame of al your actions sounds nought else,
But perfect honour from her swelling cheeks.

Max. It shall do so still I assure you, and I will giue you reason, there is in this last action (you know) a noble gentleman of our party, & a right valient; semblably prisoner to your general, as your honor'd selfe's to me, for whose safety, this tongue hath giuen warrant to his honorable father, the *Count Ferneze.* You conceiue me. *Cam.* I signior.

Max. Well? then I must tell you your ransomes be to redeeme him, what thinke you? your answer.

Cam. Marry with my Lords leaue here I say signior,
This free & ample offer you haue made,
Agrees well with your honour, but not ours:
For I thinke not but *Chamount* is aswell borne
As is *Ferneze,* then if I mistake not,
He scornes to haue his worth so vnderprised,
That it should neede an adiunct, in exchange,
Of any equall fortune. Noble *Signior?*
I am a souldier, and I loue *Chamount,*
Ere I would bruse his estimation,
With the least ruine of mine owne respect,
In this vild kind, these legs should rot with irons,

This body pine in priſon, till the fleſh
Dropt from my bones in flakes, like withered leaues,
In heart of *Autumne*, from a ſtubborne Oke.

Maxi. Mounſieur *Gaſper* (I take it ſo is your name) miſpriſe me not, I wil trample on the hart, on the ſoule of him that ſhall ſay, I will wrong you: what I purpoſe, you cannot now know; but you ſhall know, and doubt not to your contentment. Lord *Chamount*, I will leaue you, whileſt I go in and preſent my ſelfe to the honorable *Count*, till my regreſſion ſo pleaſe you, your noble feete may meaſure this priuate, pleaſant and moſt princely walke, Souldiers regard them and reſpect them.

Pac. O Ver bon: excellenta gull, he tak'a my Lord *Chamount* for Mounſieur *Gaſpra*, & Mounſieur *Gaſpra* for my Lord *Chamont*, ô dis be braue for make a me laugh'a, *ha, ha, ha*, ô my heart tickla.

Cam. I but your Lordſhip knowes not what hard fate
Might haue purſued vs, therefore howſoere
The changing of our names was neceſſary
And we muſt now be carefull to maintaine
This error ſtrongly, which our owne deuiſe,
Hath thruſt into their ignorant conceits,
For ſhould we (on the taſte of this good fortune)
Appeare our ſelues, t'would both create in them
A kinde of iealouſie, and perchaunce inuert
Thoſe honourable courſes they intend.

Cha. True my deere *Gaſper*: but this hangby here,
Will (at one time or other) on my ſoule
Diſcouer vs: A ſecret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whoſe doore no ſooner opens, but tis out.
But ſirra, if I may but know
Thou vtterſt it

Pac. Vtteria? vat Mounſieur?

Cha. That he is *Gaſper*, and I true *Chamont*.

Pac. O *pardone moy*, fore my tongue ſhall put out de ſecreta,

Shall breede *de cankra* in my mouth.

Count. Speake not so loud *Pacue.*

Pac. Foe, you shall not heare foole, for all your long eare, Reguard Mounsieur: you be *de Chamont*, *Chamont* be *Gaspra.*

Enter Count *Ferneze*, *Maximilian*, *Francesco*, *Aurelia*, *Phœnixella*, *Finio.*

Cha. Peace, here comes *Maximilian.*

Cam. O belike that's the *Count Ferneze*, that old man.

Cha. Are those his daughters, trow?

Cam. I sure, I thinke they are.

Cha. Fore God the taller is a gallant Lady.

Cam. So are they both beleeue me.

Max. True my honorable Lord, that *Chamont* was the father of this man.

Count. O that may be, for when I lost my sonne,
This was but yong it seemes.

Fran. Faith had *Camillo* liued,
He had beene much about his yeares, my Lord.

Count. He had indeed, well, speake no more of him.

Max. Signior perceiue you the errour? twas no good office in vs to stretch the remembrance of so deere a losse. *Count Ferneze*, let sommer sit in your eye, looke cheerefully sweete *Count*, will you do me the honour to confine this noble spirit within the circle of your armes?

Count. Honor'd *Chamont* reach me your valiant hand,
I could haue wisht some happier accident
Had made the way vnto this mutuall knowledge,
Which either of vs now must take of other,
But sure it is the pleasure of our fates,
That we should thus be wrack't on Fortunes wheele,
Let vs prepare with steeled patience
To tread on torment, and with mindes confirm'd

Welcome the worſt of enuy.

Max. Noble Lord, tis thus. I haue here (in mine honour) ſet this gentleman free, without ranſome, he is now himſelfe, his valour hath deſeru'd it, in the eye of my iudgement. Mounſieur *Gaſper* you are deere to me: *fortuna non mutuat genus.* But to the maine, if it may ſquare with your Lordſhips liking, and his loue, I could deſire that he were now inſtantly imployed to your noble Generall in the exchange of *Ferneze* for your ſelfe, it is the buſineſſe that requires the tender hand of a friend.

Count. I, and it would be with more ſpeed effected,
If he would vndertake it.

Max. True my Lord. Mounſieur *Gaſper*, how ſtand you affected to this motion?

Cha. My duty muſt attend his Lordſhips will.

Max. What ſayes the Lord *Chamont?*

Cam. My will doth then approue what theſe haue vrg'd.

Max. Why there is good harmony, good muſicke in this: Mounſieur *Gaſper*, you ſhall protract no time, onely I will giue you a bowle of rich wine to the health of your Generall, another to the ſucceſſe of your iourney, and a third to the loue of my ſword. *Paſſe.*

Exeunt all but Aurelia and Phœnixella.

Aure. Why how now ſiſter in a motley muſe?
Go to, thers ſomewhat in the wind, I ſee.
Faith this browne ſtudy ſuites not with your blacke,
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours.

Phœn. Good faith me thinkes that this young Lord *Chamont* fauours my mother, ſiſter, does he not?

Aure. A mothelry conceite, ô blind excuſe,
Blinder then loue himſelfe. Well ſiſter, well.
Cupid hath tane his ſtand in both your eyes, *The caſe is alterd.*

Phœn. And what of that?

Aure. Nay nothing but a Saint.

Another *Bridget*, one that for a face
Would put downe *Vesta*, in whose lookes doth swim,
The very sweetest creame of modesty.
You to turne tippet? fie, fie, will you giue
A packing penny to Virginity.
I thought youl'd dwell so long in *Cypres* Ile,
You'd worship *Maddam Venus* at the length;
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you?
Nay, do not frowne.

Phœn. Go, go, you foole. Adiew. *Exit.*

Aure. Well I may iest, or so: but *Cupid* knowes
My taking is as bad, or worse then hers.
O Mounsieur *Gasper*? if thou bee'st a man,
Be not affraid to court me, do but speake,
Challenge thy right and weare it: for I sweare
Till thou arriud'st, nere came affection here. *Exit.*

Enter Pacue, Finio.

Fin. Come on my sweet finicall *Pacue*, the very prime
Of Pages, heres an excellent place for vs to practise in,
No body sees vs here, come lets to it. *Enter Onion.*

Pac. Contenta: Reguarde, vou le Preimer.

Oni. Sirra *Finio*?

Pac. Mort deiu le pesant.

Oni. Didst thou see *Valentine*?

Finio. Valentine? no.

Oni. No?

Fini. No. Sirrah *Onion*, whither goest?

Oni. O I am vext, he that would trust any of these lying trauellers.

Finio. I prithee stay good *Onion*.

Pac. Mounsieur *Onion*, vene ca, come hidera, Ie you prey. By gar me ha see two, tree, foure hundra towsand of your Cousan hang. Lend me your hand, shall prey for know you bettra.

Oni. I thanke you good signior *Parla vous?* O that I were in an other world, in the *Ingies*, or some where, that I might haue roome to laugh.

Pac. A we fort boon: stand? you be deere now, me come, Boon iour Mounsieur. *Vnder the arme.*

Fin. God morrow good signior.

Pac By gar, be mush glad for see you.

Fin I returne you most kind thanks sir.

Oni. How? how? Sbloud this is rare?

Pac. Nay, shall make you say rare by and by, Reguard Mounsieur *Finio*, *The shoulder*

Fin. Signior *Pache.*

Pac. Dieu vou gard Mounsieur:

Fin. God saue you sweet signior

Pac. Mounsieur *Onion*? is not fort boon.

Oni. Beane? quoth he, would I were in debt of a pottle of beanes I could do as much.

Fin. Welcome signior, whats next?

Pac. O here, Void de grand admiration, as should meet perchance Mounsieur *Finio*,

Fin. Mounsieur *Pacue*

Pac. Iesu? by Gar who thinke wee shall meete here?

Fin. By this hand I am not a little proud of it, sir

Oni: This trick is onely for the the chamber, it cannot be cleanly done abroad.

Pac. Well what say you for dis den? Mounsieur:

Fin. Nay pray, sir.

Pac. Par ma foy vou bein encounters?

Fin What doe you meane sir, let your gloue alone.

Pac. Comen, se porte la sante.

Fin. Faith exceeding well sir.

Pac, Trot, be mush ioy for heire.

Fin: And how ist with you sweet signior *Pache.*

Pac. Fat comme vou voyer.

Oni. Yong gentlemen? spirits of bloud, if euer youle tast of a sweet peece of mutton, do *Onion* a good turne now.

Pac. Que que, parla Mounseir, what ist.

Oni. Faith teach me one of these tricks.

Pac. O me shall doe presently, stand you deere, you signior deere, my selfe is here: so fort bein, now I parle to Mounseir *Onion*, *Onion* pratla to you, you speaka to me, so, and as you parle chang the bonet, Mounseir *Onion*.

Oni. Mounseiur *Fimio*.

Fin. Mounseur *Pacue*.

Pac. Pray be couera.

Oni. Nay I beseech you sir.

Fin. What do you meane.

Pac. Pardon moy, shall be so,

Oni O God sir.

Fin. Not I in good faith sir.

Pac. By gar you must.

Oni: It shall be yours.

Fin. Nay then you wrong me,

Oni. Well and euer I come to be great.

Pac. You be big enough for de *Onion* already,

Oni. I meane a great man.

Fin. Then thou'dst be a monster.

Oni. Well God knowes not what fortune may doe, commaund me, vse me from the soule to the crowne, and the crowne to the soule: meaning not onely from the crowne of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foote of the mind and the crownes of the purse, I can not stay now yong gentlemen but —— time was, time is, and time shall be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chamount, Camillo.

Cha. Sweet *Iasper* I am sorry we must part,
But strong necessity enforceth it.
Let not the time seeme long vnto my friend,
Till my returne for by our loue I sweare
(The sacred spheare wherein our soules are knit)
I will endeauour to effect this busines
With all industrious care and happy speed.

Cam.

Cam. My Lord theſe circumſtances would come well,
To one leſſe capable of your deſert
Then I: in whom your mirrit is confirmed
With ſuch authenticall and grounded proues.

Cha. Well I will vſe no more. *Gaſper* adiew.

Cam. Farewell my honored Lord.

Cha. Commend me to the Lady, my good *Gaſper:*

Cam. I had remembred that had not you vrgd it.

Cha. Once more adiew ſweet *Gaſper.*

Cam. My good Lord. *Exit Camillo.*

Cha. Thy vertues are more precious then thy name,
Kind gentleman I would not ſell thy loue,
For all the earthly obiects that mine eyes,
Haue euer taſted, ſure thou art nobly borne,
How euer fortune hath obſcurd thy birth:
For natiue honour ſparkles in thine eyes,
How may I bleſſe the time wherein *Chemont*
My honored father did ſurpriſe vicenza,
Where this my friend (knowen by no name) was found,
Being then a child and ſcarce of power to ſpeake,
To whom my father gaue this name of *Gaſper,*
And as his owne reſpected him to death,
Since when wee two haue ſhard our mutuall fortunes,
With equall ſpirits, and but deathes rude hand,
No violence ſhall diſſolue this ſacred band. *Exit.*

Enter Iuniper in his ſhop ſinging: to him Onion.

Oni. Fellow *Iuniper,* no more of thy ſongs and ſonets, ſweet *Iuniper,* no more of thy hymnes and madrigals; thou ſing'ſt, but I ſigh.

Iuni Whats the matter *Peter* ha? what in an Academy ſtill, ſtill in ſable, and coſtly black array? ha?

Oni. Prithee riſe mount, mount ſweet *Iuniper,* for I goe downe the wind, and yet I puffe: for I am vext.

Iuni. Ha Bully? vext? what intoxicate? is thy braine in a quenteſcence

quintescence? an Idea? a metamorphosis? an Apology? ha rogue? come this loue feeds vpon thee, I see by thy cheekes, and drinkes healthes of vermilion, teares I see by thine eyes.

Oni. I confesse *Cupids* carouse, he plaies super negulum with my liquor of life

Iuni. Tut, thou art a goose to be *Cupids* gull, go to, no more of this contemplations, & calculations, mourne not for *Rachels* thine owne

Oni. For that let the higher powers worke: but sweet *Iuniper*, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second person, or if not so, yet in a third.

Iuni. How second person? away, away, in the crotchets already Longitude and Latitude? what second? what person? ha?

Oni. *Iuniper*, Ile bewray my selfe before thee, for thy company is sweet vnto me, but I must entreat thy helping hand in the case.

Iuni. Tut? no more of this surquedry; I am thine owne! ad vngem vpsie freeze: pell mell, come, what case? what case?

Oni. For the case it may be any mans case, aswell as mine, *Rachel* I meane, but Ile medle with her anon, in the meane time, *Valentine* is the man hath wrongd me.

Iuni. How? my *Ingle* wrong thee, ist possible?

Oni. Your *Ingle*, hang him infidell, well and if I be not reuengd one him let *Peter Onion* (by the infernall Gods) be turned to a leeke or a scalion, I spake to him for a ditty for this handkerchier.

Iuni. Why, has he not done it?

Oni. Done it, not a verse by this hand.

Iuni. *O in diebus illis*, O preposterous, wel come be blith, the best inditer of thē al is somtimes dul, fellow *Onion* pardon mine *Ingle*: he is a man, has impefections and declinations, as other men haue, his masse somtimes cannot caruet nor prognisticat and come of, as it should, no matter, Ile hammer our a parahrase for thee my selfe.

Oni. No sweet *Iuniper*, no danger doth breed delay, loue

make;

makes me chollericke, I can beare no longer,

Iuni. Not beare? what my mad Meridian slaue? not beare? what?

Oni. *Cupids* burden: tis to heauy, to tollerable, and as for the handkerchire and the posie: I will not trouble thee: but if thou wilt goe with me into her fathers backside, old *Iaques* backside, and speake for me to *Rachel*, I wil not being ratitude, the old man is abroad and all.

Iuni. Art thou sure on't.

Oni. As sure as an obligation.

Iuni. Lets away then, come we spend time in a vaine circumference, trade cashire thee til to morrow, fellow *Onion* for thy sake I finish this workiday.

Oni. God a mercy. and for thy sake Ile at any time make a holiday. *Exunt.*

Enter Angelio, Rachel.

Ang. Nay I prithee *Rachel*, I come to comfort thee,
Be not so sad.

Rach. O signior *Angelo*,
No comfort but his presence can remoue,
This sadnesse from my heart.

Ang. Nay then y'are fond,
And want that strength of iudgement and election,
That should be attendent on your yeares and forme,
Will you, because your Lord is taken prisoner,
Blubber and weepe and keepe a peeuish stirre,
As though you would turne turtle with the newes,
Come, come, be wise. Sblood say your Lord should die?
And you goe marre your face as you begin,
What would you doe trow? who would care for you;
But this it is, when nature will bestow
Her gifts on such as know not how to vse them,
You shall haue some that had they but one quarter
Of your faire beauty? they would make it shew

A little otherwise then you do this,
Or they would see the painter twice an hower,
And I commend them I, that can vse art,
With such iudiciall practise.

Rach. You talke iedly,
If this be your best comfort keepe it still,
My lences cannot feede on such sower cates.

Ang. And why sweet heart.

Rach. Nay leaue good signior.

Ang. Come I haue sweeter vyands yet in store.

Enter Onion *and* Iuniper.

Iuni. I in any case mistres *Rachel*,

Ang. *Rachel?*

Rach. Gods pitty signior *Angelo*, I here my father, away for Gods sake.

Ang: S'bloud, I am betwixt, I thinke, this is twice now, I haue been serued thus. *Exit*

Rach. Pray God he meet him not. *Exit Rachel.*

Oni. O braue? she's yonder, O terrible shee's gone.

Iuni. Yea? so nimble in your *Dilemma's*, and your *Hiperbole's* Hay my loue? O my loue, at the first sight: By the masse.

Oni. O how she skudded, O sweet scud, how she tripped, O delicate trip and goe.

Iuni. Come thou art enamored with the influence of her profundity, but sirrah harke a little.

Oni. O rare, what? what? passing I faith, what ist? what ist?

Iuni. What wilt thou say now, if *Rachel* stand now, and play hity tity through the keyhole, to behold the equipage of thy person?

Oni. O sweet equipage, try good *Iuniper*, tickle her, talke, talke, O? rare

Iuni. Mistris *Rachel* (watch then if her father come) *Rachel? Madona? Rachel?* No.

Oni. Say I am here, *Onion* or *Peter* or so.

Iuni:

Iuni. No, Ile knock, weele not ſtand vpon Horizons, and tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

Oni. Well ſaid ſweet *Iuniper*: Horizons? hang hem? knock, knock.

Rach. Whoſe there? father.

Iuni. Father no? and yet a father, if you pleaſe to be a mother.

Oni. Well ſaid *Iuniper*, to her againe, a ſmack or two more of the mother

Iuni. Do you here? ſweet ſoule, ſweet radamant? ſweet mathauell one word *Melpomine*? are you at leaſure.

Rach. At leaſure? what to doe?

Iuni. To doe what, to doe nothing, but to be liable to the extaſie of true loues exigent, or ſo, you ſmell my meaning.

Oni. Smell, filthy, fellow *Iuniper* filthy? ſmell? O moſt odious.

Iuni. How filthy.

Oni. Filthy, by this finger? ſmell? ſmell a rat, ſmel a pudding, away theſe tricks are for truls, a plaine wench loues plaine dealing, ile vpon my ſelfe, ſmel to march paine wench.

Iuni. With all my heart, Ile be legitimate and ſilent as anapple-ſquire, Ile ſee nothing, and ſay nothing.

Oni. Sweet hart, ſweet hart?

Iuni. And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha?

Iaq. What *Rachel* my girle what *Rachel*; *Within*

Oni. Gods lid?

Iaq. What *Rachel*, } *Within*
Rach. Here I am }

Oni What rakehell cals *Rachel*: O treaſon to my loue.

Iuni. Its her father on my life, how ſhall wee entrench and edifie our ſelues from him?

Oni. O conni-catching *Cupid*. *Enter Iaques.*

Iaq. How in my back ſide? where? what come they for?

Onion gets vp into a tree.

Where are they? *Rachel*? theeues, theeues?
Stay villaine ſlaue: *Rachel*? vntye my dog.

Nay theise thou canst not scape.

Inni. I pray you sir.

Oni A pitifull *Onion*, that thou hadst a rope.

Iaq. Why *Rachel*: when I say: let loose my dog? garlique my mastiue, let him loose I say.

Iuni For Gods sake here me speake, keepe vp your cur.

Oni. I feare not garlique, heele not bite *Onion* his kinsman pray God he come out, and then theile not smell me.

Iaq. well then deliuer, come deliuer slaue?

Iuni, What should I deliuer?

Iaq. O thou wouldst haue me tell thee? wouldst thou shew me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands?

Iuni. Here be my hands.

Iaq. Stay are not thy fingers ends begrimd with durt, no thou hast wipt them.

Iuni. Wipt them?

Iaq. I thou villaine? thou art a subtile knaue, put off thy shewes, come I will see them, giue me a knife here *Rachel*, Ile rip the soles.

Oni. No matter he's a cobler, he can mend them.

Iuni. What are you mad? are you detestable, would you make an Anatomy of me, thinke you I am not true Ortographie?

Iaq. Ortographie, Anatomy?

Iuni. For Gods sake be not so inuiolable, I am no ambuscado, what predicament call you this, why do you intimate so much.

Iaq. I can feele nothing.

Oni. Bir Lady but *Onion* feeles something.

Iaq. Soft sir, you are not yet gon, shake your legs, come, and your armes, be briefe, stay let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops, what is it crams hem so.

Iuni. Nothing but haire.

Iaq. Thats true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedghogs nest, this haymowe, this beares skin, this heath, this firsbush.

Iuni. O let me goe, you teare my haire, you reluolue my

brame.

braines and vnderstanding.

Iaq. Heart, thou art somewhat eas'd? halfe of my feare
Hath tane his leaue of my, the other halfe
Still keepes possession in dispight of hope,
Vntill these amorous eyes, court my faire gold:
Deare I come to thee: friend, why art not gone?
Auoid my soules vexation, Sathan hence?
Why doest thou stare on me, why doest thou stay?
Why por'st thou on the ground with theeuish eyes?
What see'st thou there, thou curre? what gap'st thou at?
Hence from my house, *Rachel*, send garlick forth.

Iunip. I am gone sir, I am gone, for Gods sake stay.

Exit Iuniper.

Iaq. Pack, and thanke God thou scap'st so well away.

Oni. If I scape this tree, destinies, I defie you.

Iaq. I cannot see by any Characters
Writ on this earth, that any fellon foote
Hath tane acquaintance of this hallowed ground.
None sees me: knees do homage to your Lord.
Tis safe, tis safe, it lyes and sleepes so soundly,
Twould do one good to looke on't. If this blisse
Be giuen to any man that hath much gold,
Iustly to say tis safe, I say tis safe.
O what a heauenly round these two words dance
Within me and without me: First I thinke hem,
And then I speake hem, then I watch their sound,
And drinke it greedily with both mine eares,
Then thinke, then speake, then drinke their sound againe,
And racket round about this bodies court.
These two sweet words: *tis safe*: stay I will feed
My other sences, ô how sweet it smels.

Oni. I mar'le he smels not *Onion*, being so neere it.

Iaq. Downe to thy graue againe, thou beauteous Ghost,
Angels men say, are spirits: Spirits be
Inuisible, bright angels are you so?
Be you inuisible to euery eye.

Saue onely these: Sleepe, Ile not breake your rest,
Though you breake mine: Deare Saints adiew, adiew:
My feete part from you, but my soule dwels with you.
Exit.

Oni. Is he gone? ô Fortune my friend, & not fortune my foe,
I come downe to embrace thee, and kisse thy great toe.
Enter Iuniper.

Iunip. Fellow *Onion*? *Peter.*

Oni. Fellow *Iuniper.*

Iunip. What's the old panurgo gone? departed, cosmografied, ha?

Oni. O I, and harke Sirrah. (Shall I tell him? no.

Iunip. Nay, be briefe and declare, stand not vpon conodrums now, thou knowest what contagious speeches I haue sufferd for thy sake and he should come againe and inuent me here.

Oni. He saies true, it was for my sake, I will tell him. Sirra *Iuniper?* and yet I will not.

Iunip. What sayest thou sweete *Onion?*

Oni. And thou hadst smelt the sent of me when I was in the tree, thou wouldest not haue said so: but Sirra, *The case is alterd* with me, my heart has giuen loue a box of the eare, made him kicke vp the heeles I faith.

Iunip. Sayest thou me so, mad Greeke? how haps it? how chances it.

Oni. I cannot hold it, *Iuniper*, haue an eye, looke, haue an eye to the doore, the old prouerb's true, I see: gold is but mucke. Nay Gods so *Iuniper* to the doore, an eye to the maine chance, here you slaue, haue an eye.

Iunip. O inexorable! ô infallible! ô infricate deuine, and superficiall fortune.

Oni. Nay, it will be sufficient anon, here, looke heere.

Iunip. O insolent good lucke! How didst thou produce th'intelligence of the gold' mynerals.

Oni. Ile tell you that anon, heere, make shift, conuey, cramme.
Ile teach you how you shall call for garlike againe I faith.

Oni.

Iunip. S'bloud what shall we do with all this? we shall nere bring it to a consumption.

Oni. Consumption? why weele bee most sumptuously attir'd, man.

Iunip. By this gold, I will haue three or foure most stigmaticall suites presently.

Oni. Ile go in my foot-cloth, Ile turne Gentleman.

Iunip. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we giue, what cullison?

Iunip. As for that lets vse the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of armes, he shall giue vs a gudgeon.

Oni. A gudgeon? a scutheon thou wouldst say, man.

Iunip. A scutcheon or a gudgeon, all is one.

Oni. Well, our armes be good inough, lets looke to our legges.

Iunip. Content, weele be iogging.

Oni. *Rachel*? we retire: garlike God boy ye.

Iunip. Farewell sweete *Iaques*.

Oni. Farewell sweete *Rachel*, sweet dogge adiew. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maximilian, Count Ferneze, Aurelia, Phœnixella, Pache.

Max. Nay but sweet *Count*.

Count. Away, Ile heare no more,
Neuer was man so palpably abusd,
My sonne so basely marted; and my selfe
Am made the subiect of your mirth and scorne.

Max. *Count Ferneze* you tread to hard vpon my patience,
Do not persist I aduise your Lordship.

Count. I will persist, and vnto thee I speake.
Thou *Maximilian* thou hast iniur'd me.

Max. Before the Lord:

Aur. Sweet signior.

Phœ. O my father.

Mvx. Lady let your father thank your beauty.

Pache.

Pac. By gar me shall be hang for tella dis same,
Me tella madamoyselle, she tell her fadera.

Count. The true *Chamount* set free, and one left here
Of no descent, clad barely in his name.
Sirrah boy come hither, and be sure, you speake the simple truth:

Pac. O pardone moy mounsieur,

Count Come leaue your pardons, and directly say.
What villaine is the same that hath vsurpt,
The honor'd name and person of *Chamount*:

Pac O Mounsieur, no point villaine, braue Cheualier,
Mounsieur *Gasper*.

Count. Monsieur *Gasper*, on what occasion did they change their names, what was their policy, or their pretext.

Pac. Me canno tell, par ma foy Mounsieur.

Max. My honorable Lord.

Count. Tut tut, be silent.

Max. Silent? *Count Ferneze*, I tell thee if *Amurath* the great Turke were here I would speake, and he should here me.

Count. So will not I.

Max. By my fathers hand, but thou shalt *Count*, I say till this instant, I was neuer toucht in my reputation: here me you shall knowe that you haue wrongd me, and I wil make you acknowledge it, if I cannot my sword shall.

Count. By heauen I will not, I will stop mine eares,
My sences loath the Sauiour of thy breath.
Tis poyson to me, I say I will not heare.
What shall I know, tis you haue iniurd me,
What will you make? make me acknowledge it.
Fetch forth that *Gasper*, that lewd counterfeit.

Enter seruing with Camillo.

Ile make him to your face approue your wrongs.
Come on false substance, shadow to *Chamont*:
Had you none else to worke vpon but me,
Was I your fittest proiect? well confesse,
What you intended by this secret plot.

And by whoſe policy it was contriu'd,
Speake truth, and be intreated courteouſly,
But double with me, and reſolue to proue
The extremeſt rigor that I can inflict.
Cam. My honor'd Lord, heare me with patience,
Nor hope of fauour, nor the feare of torment,
Shall ſway my tongue, from vttring of a truth.
Count. Tis well, proceed then.
Cam. The morne before this battell did begin,
Wherein my Lord *Chamount* and I were tane,
We vow'd one mutuall fortune, good or bad,
That day ſhould be imbraced of vs both,
And vrging that might worſt ſucceede our vow,
We there concluded to exchange our names.
Count. Then *Maximilian* tooke you for *Chamount*.
Cam. True noble Lord.
Count. Tis falſe, ignoble wretch,
Twas but a complot to betray my ſonne.
Max. *Count*, thou lyeſt in thy boſome, *Count*!
Count. Lye?
Cam. Nay I beſeech you honor'd gentlemen,
Let not the vntimely ruine of your loue,
Follow theſe ſleight occurents; be aſſured
Chamounts returne will heale theſe wounds againe,
And breake the points of your too piercing thoughts.
Count. Returne? I when? when will *Chamount* returne?
Heele come to fetch you, will he? I tis like,
Youl'd haue me thinke ſo, that's your policy.
No, no, yong gallant, your deuice is ſtale,
You cannot feed me with ſo vaine a hope.
Cam. My Lord, I feede you not with a vaine hope,
I know aſſuredly he will returne,
And bring your noble ſonne along with him.
Max. I, I dare pawne my ſoule he will returne.
Count. O impudent diriſion? open ſcorne?
Intollerable wrong? is't not inough?

That you haue plaid vpon me all this while;
But still to mocke me, still to iest at me?
Fellowes, away with him, thou ill-bred slaue,
That sets no difference twixt a noble spirit,
And thy owne slauish humour, do not thinke
But ile take worthy vengeance on thee, wretch?

Cam. Alas, these threats are idle, like the wind,
And breed no terror in a guiltlesse mind.

Count. Nay, thou shalt want no torture, so resolue, bring him away.

Cam. Welcome the worst, I suffer for a friend,
Your tortures will, my loue shall neuer end. *Exeunt.*

Manent Maximillian, Aurelia, Phœnixella, Pacue.

Phœn. Alas poore gentleman, my fathers rage
Is too extreame, too sterne and violent:
O that I knew with all my strongest powers,
How to remoue it from thy patient breast,
But that I cannot, yet my willing heart,
Shall minister in spight of tyranny
To thy misfortune, something there is in him,
That doth enforce this strange affection,
With more then common rapture in my breast:
For being but *Gasper*, he is full as deare
To me, as when he did *Chamount* appeare. *Exit Phœnixella.*

Aure. But in good sadnesse Signior, do you thinke *Chamount* will returne?

Max. Do I see your face, Lady?

Aure. I sure, if loue haue not blinded you.

Max. That is a question, but I will assure you no, I can see, and yet loue is in mine eye: well, the *Count* your father simply hath dishonor'd me: and this steele shall engraue it on his burgonet.

Aure. Nay, sweet Signior.

Max. Lady, I do preferre my reputation to my life,
But you shall rule me, come lets march. *Exit Maximillian.*

Aure. Ile follow Signior, ô sweet Queene of loue!
Soueraigne of all my thoughts, and thou faire fortune,
Who (more to honour my affections)
Hast thus translated *Gasper* to *Chamount*.
Let both your flames now burne in one bright speare;
And giue true light to my aspiring hopes,
Hasten *Chamounts* returne, let him affect me,
Though father, friends, and all the world reiect me. *Exit.*

Enter Angelo, Christopher.

Ange. Sigh for a woman, would I fould mine armes,
Raue in my sleepe, talke idly being awake,
Pine and looke pale, make loue-walkes in the night,
To steale cold comfort from a day-starres eyes.
Kit, thou art a foole, wilt thou be wise? then lad
Renounce this boy-gods nice idolatry,
Stand not on complement, and wooing trickes,
Thou loues't old *Iaques* daughter, does't thou?

Chris. Loue her?

Ange. Come, come, I know't, be rul'd and shees thine owne,
Thou't say her father *Iaques*, the old begger,
Hath pawnd his word to thee, that none but thou,
Shalt be his sonne in law.

Chris. He has.

Ange. He has? wilt thou beleeue him, and be made a kooke,
To waite on such an antique wethercocke;
Why he is more inconstant then the sea,
His thoughts, *Cameleon*-like, change euery minute:
No *Kit*, worke soundly, steale the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her, and when that is done,
Then say to *Iaques*, shall I be your sonne?
But come to our deuise, where is this gold?

Chris. Heere Signior *Angelo*.

Ange. Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops,
Let these bald french crownes be vncouered,

In open sight, to do obeysance
To *Iaques* staring eyes when he steps forth,
The needy beggar will be glad of gold.
So, now keepe thou aloose, and as he treades
This guilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes,
With scattring more & more, & as thou go'st, cry *Iaques*, *Iaques*

Chris. Tush, let me alone.

Ang. First ile play the ghost, Ile cal him out, *Kit* keep aloofe.

Chris. But Signior *Angelo*. Where wil your selfe and *Rachel* stay for me, after the iest is ended?

Ange. Masse, that's true, at the old Priory behinde S. *Foyes*.

Chris. Agreed, no better place, ile meete you there.

Ange. Do good foole, do, but ile not meet you there.
Now to this geere, *Iaques*, *Iaques*, what *Iaques*?

{ within } *Iaq.* Who cals? whose there? *Ange.* *Iaques*.

{ within } *Iaq.* Who cals?

Ange. Steward, he comes, he comes *Iaques*. *Enter* *Iaques*.

Iaq. What voice is this? no body here, was I not cald? I was,
And one cride *Iaques* with a hollow voyce,
I was deceiu'd, no I was not deceiu'd,
See see, it was an Angell cald me forth,
Gold, gold, man, making gold, another starre,
Drop they from heauen, no, no, my house I hope
Is haunted with a Fairy. My deere Lar,
My houshold God, My Fairy on my knees.

Christ. *Iaques*. *Exit* *Christopher*.

Iaq. My Lar doth call me, ô sweet voyce,
Musicall as the spheares, see, see, more gold.

{ within } *Chris.* *Iaques*. *Enter* *Rachel*.

Iaq. What *Rachel*, *Rachel*, lock my doore, looke to my house.

{ within } *Chris.* *Iaques*.

Iaq. Shut fast my doore, a golden crowne, *Iaques* shall be a king. *Exit*.

Ange. To a fooles paradice that path will bring
Thee and thy houshold Lar.

Rach. What means my father, I wonder what strange humor

Ange.

Ange. Come sweete soule, leaue wondring, start not, twas I laid this plot to get thy father forth.

Rach. O *Angelo.*

Ange. O me no oo's, but heare, my Lord your loue,
Paulo Ferneze is returnd from warre,
Lingers at *Pont Valeria*, and from thence
By post at midnight last, I was coniur'd
To man you thither, stand not on replies,
A horse is sadled for you, will you go,
And I am for you, if you will stay, why so.

Rach. O *Angelo*, each minute is a day till my *Ferneze* come, come weele away sir.

Ange. Sweet soule I guesse thy meaning by thy lookes,
At pont *Valerio* thou thy loue shalt see,
But not *Ferneze*, Steward fare you well.
You wait for *Rachel* to, when can you tell? *Exeunt. Enter Iaq.*

Iaq. O in what golden circle haue I dan'st?
Millaine these od'rous and enfloured fields
Are none of thine, no heres *Elizium*,
Heere blessed ghosts do walke, this is the Court
And glorious palace where the God of gold
Shines like the sonne, of sparkling maiesty;
O faire fethered, my red-brested birds,
Come flye with me, ile bring you to a quier,
Whose consort being sweetned with your sound:
The musique will be fuller, and each hower *Enter*
These eares shall banquet with your harmony ô, ô, ô, *Christ.*

Christ. At the old priorie, behind Saint Foyes,
That was the place of our appointment sure:
I hope he will not make me loose my gold,
And mock me to, perhaps they are within: Ile knock.

Iaq. O God, the case is alterd.

Christ. *Rachel?* *Angelo?* Signior *Angelo?*

Iaq. *Angels?* I where? mine *Angels?* wher's my gold?
Why *Rachel?* O thou theeuish *Canibal*,
Thou eatest my flesh in stealing of my gold.

Chris. What gold?

Iaq. What gold? *Rachel* call help, come forth,
Ile rip thine entrailes, but ile haue my gold:
Rachel why comes thou not? I am vndone,
Ay me she speakes not, thou hast slaine my child. *Exit*

Chris. What is the man possest trow? this is strange,
Rachel I see is gone with *Angelo:*
Well ile once againe vnto the priory,
And see if I can meete them. *Exit Christopher,*

Enter Iaques

Iaq. Tis too true,
Th'ast made away my child, how hast my gold:
O what *Hienna* cald me out of dores,
The theife is gone: my gold's gone, *Rachels* gone,
Al's gone? saue I that spend my cries in vaine,
But ile hence too, and die or end this paine. *Exit.*

Enter Iuniper, Onion, Finio, Valentine.

Iuni. Swonds, let me goe, hay catso, catch him aliue,
I call, I call, boy. I come, I come sweet heart.

Oni. Page hold my rapier, while I hold my freind here.

Valen. O heer's a sweet metamorphosis, a cupple of buzzards turn'd to a paire of peacocks.

Iuni. Signior *Onion*, lend me thy boy to vnhang my rapier.

On. Signior *Iuniper* for once or so, but troth is, you must inueigle, as I haue done, my Lords page here a poor folower of mine.

Iuni. Hei ho, your page then sha'not be super intendent vpon me? he shall not be addicted? he shall not be incident? he shall not be incident? he shall not be incident, shall he?

Fin. O sweet signior *Iuniper.* *He foynes*

Iuni. Sbloud stand away princocks? do not aggrauate my ioy.

Valen. Nay good Maister. *Onion.*

Oni. Nay and he haue the heart to draw my bloud, let him come.

Iuni. Ile slice you *Onion*, Ile slice you?

Oni. Ile cleaue you *Iuniper.*

Valen. Why hold, hold, hough? what do you meane?

Iuni. Let him come *Ingle*, stand by boy, his allebaster blad

cannot

cannot feare me.

Fin. Why heare you sweet signior, let not there be any contẽtion, betweene my Maister & you, about me, if you want a page sir, I can helpe you to a proper stripling.

Iuni. Canst thou? what parentage? what ancestry? what genealogy is he?

Fin. A french boy sir.

Iuni. Has he his French linguist? has he? *Fin.* I, sir.

Iuni. Then transport him: her's a crusado for thee.

Oni. You will not, imbecell my seruant with your beneuolence will you, hold boy their's a portmantu for thee.

Fin. Lord sir.

On. Do take it boy, its three pounds ten shill. a portmantu.

Fin. I thanke your Lordship. *Exit Finio.*

Iuni. Sirrah *Ningle*: thou art a traueller, and I honour thee. I prithee discourse? cherish thy muse? discourse?

Valen. Of what sir?

Iuni. Of what thou wilt. Sbloud? hang sorrow?

Oni. Prithy *Valentine* assoile me one thing.

Valen. Tis pitty to soile you sir, your new apparell.

On. Masse thou saist true, aparel makes a man forget himself.

Iun. Begin, find your tongue *Ningle*.

Val. Now will gull these ganders rarely:
Gentlemen hauing in my peregrinatiõ through Mesopotamia.

Iun. Speake legibly, this gam's gone, without the great mercy of God,
Heres a fine tragedy indeed. Thers a Keisars royall.
By Gods lid, nor King nor Keisar shall?

Enter Finio, Pacue, Balt. Martino.

Balt. Where? where? *Finio*, where be they.

Iun. Go to, ile be with you anon.

Oni. O her's the page signior *Iuniper*.

Iun. What sayth monsier *Onion*, boy.

Fin. What say you sir. *Iuni.* Tread out boy.

Fin. Take vp, you meane sir.

Iun. Tread out I say, so, I thanke you, is this the boy.

Pacue.

Pac. Aue mounsieur. *Iuni.* Who gaue you that name?

Pac. Giue me de name, vat name?

Oni. He thought your name had been, we yong gentlemen, you must do more then his legges can do for him, beare with him sir.

Iuni. Sirrah giue me instance of your carriage? youle serue my turne, will you? *Pac.* What? turne vpon the toe.

Fin. O signior no.

Iuni. Page will you follow me, ile giue you good exhibition.

Pac. By gar, shal not alone follow you, but shal leade you to.

Oni. Plaguie boy, he sooths his humour? these french villaines ha pockie wits.

Iuni. Here? disarme me? take my semitary.

Valen. O rare, this would be a rare man, and he had a little trauell, *Balthasar*, *Martino*, put off your shooes, and bid him coble them.

Iuni. Freinds, friends, but pardon me for fellows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation, tis so pardon me, the case is alterd, this is law, but ile stand to nothing.

Pac. Fat so me tinke.

Iuni. Well then God saue the dukes Maiesty, is this any harme now? speake, is this any harme now.

Oni. No nor good neither, Sbloud?

Iuni. Do you laugh at me? do you laugh at me? do you laugh at me? *Valen.* I sir, we do.

Iunip. You do indeed? *Valen.* I indeed sir.

Iuni. Tis sufficient, Page carry my purse, dog me? *Exit.*

Oni. Gentlemen leaue him not, you see in what case he is, he is not in aduersity, his purse is full of money, leaue him not?

Enter Angelo with Rachel. *Exeunt*

Ang. Nay gentle *Rachel*?

Rach. Away? forbeare? vngentle *Angelo*,
Touch not my body, with those impious hands,
That like hot Irons seare my trembling heart,
And make it hisse, at your disloyalty. *Enter Chamount*
Was this your drift? to vse *Fernezes* name? *Paulo Ferneze.*

Ang.

Was he your fittest stale, ô wild dishonor! *Pan.* Stay noble sir.
Ange. Sbloud how like a puppet do you talke now?
Dishonor? what dishonor? come, come, foole,
Nay then I see y'are peeuish. S'heart dishonor?
To haue you a toprieſt and marry you,
And put you in an honorable state.
Rach. To marry me! ô heauen, can it be?
That men should liue with such vnfeeling soules,
Without or touch or conscience of religion,
Or that their warping appetites should spoile
Those honor'd formes, that the true seale of friendship
Had set vpon their faces.
Ange. Do you heare? what needs all this? say, will you haue me, or no?
Rach. Il'e haue you gone, and leaue me, if you would.
Ange. Leaue you? I was accurst to bring you hither,
And make so faire an offer to a foole.
A pox vpon you, why should you be coy,
What good thing haue you in you to be proud of?
Are y'any other then a beggars daughter?
Because you haue beauty. O Gods light a blast.
Pan. I *Angelo.*
Ange. You scornefull baggage, I lou'd thee not so much, but now I hate thee.
Rach. Vpon my knees, you heauenly powers, I thanke you,
That thus haue tam'd his wild affections.
Ange. This will not do, I must to her againe,
Rachel, ô that thou sawst my heart, or didst behold,
The place from whence that scalding sigh euented.
Rachel, by Iesu I loue thee as my soule, *Rachel*, sweet *Rachel*.
Rach. What againe returnd vnto this violent passion.
Ange. Do but heare me, by heauen I loue you *Rachel*.
Rach. Pray forbeare, ô that my Lord *Perneze* were but here.
Ange. Sbloud and he were, what would he do.
Pan. This would he do base villaine. *Rach.* My deere Lord,
Pan. Thou monster, euen the soule of trechery!
O what dishonord title of reproch,
May my tongue spit in thy deseru'd face.

Me thinkes my very presence should inuert,
The steeled organs of those traytrous eyes,
To take into thy heart, and pierce it through:
Turn'st thou them on the ground? wretch, dig a graue,
With their sharp points, to hide th'abhorred head;
Sweet loue, thy wrongs haue beene too violent
Since my departure from thee, I perceiue:
But now true comfort shall againe appeare,
And like an armed angell guard thee safe
From all th'assaults of couered villany.
Come Mounsieur, let's go, & leaue this wretch to his despaire.

Ange. My noble *Ferneze*.

Pau. What canst thou speake to me, and not thy tongue,
Forc't with the torment of thy guilty soule
Breake that infected circle of thy mouth,
Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell.
I, that in thy bosome lodg'd my soule,
With all her traine of secrets, thinking them
To be as safe, and richly entertained,
As in a Princes court, or tower of strength,
And thou to proue a traitor to my trust,
And basely to expose it, ô this world!

Ange. My honorable Lord.

Pau. The very owle, whō other birds do stare & wonder at.
Shall hoot at thee, and snakes in euery bush
Shall deafe thine eares with their---

Cha. Nay good my Lord, giue end vnto your passions.

Ange. You shall see, I will redeeme your lost opinion.

Rach. My Lord beleeue him.

Cha. Come, be satisfied, sweet Lord you know our haste,
Let vs to horse, the time for my engaged returne is past;
Be friends againe, take him along with you.

Pau. Come signior *Angelo*, hereafter proue more true. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximillian, Francesco.

Count. Tut *Maximillian*, for your honor'd selfe,
I am perswaded, but no words shall turne
The edge of purposd vengeance on that wretch,
Come, bring him forth to execution.

Enter Camillo *bound, with Seruants*

Ile hang him for my sonne, he shall not scape,
Had he an hundred liues: Tell me vile slaue,
Thinkest thou I loue my sonne? is he my flesh?
Is he my bloud, my life? and shall all these be torturd for thy
sake, and not reueng'd? trusse vp the villaine.

Max. My Lord, there is no law to confirme this action.
Tis dishonorable. *Count.* Dishonorable? *Maximillian?*
It is dishonorable in *Chamount*, the day of his prefixt returne
is past, and he shall pay fort. *Cam.* My Lord, my Lord,
Vse your extreamest vengeance, ile be glad
To suffer ten times more, for such a friend.

Count. O resolute and peremptory wretch!

Fran. My honored Lord, let vs intreat a word.

Count. Ile heare no more, I say he shall not liue,
My selfe will do it. Stay, what forme is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand.
What miracle is this? tis my owne fancy,
Carues this impression in me, my soft nature,
That euer hath retaind such foolish pitty,
Of the most abiect creatures misery,
That it abhorres it, what a child am I
To haue a child? Ay me, my son, my son. *Enter Christophero.*

Chris. O my deere loue, what is become of thee?
What vniust absence layest thou on my brest,
Like waights of lead, when swords are at my backe,
That run me through with thy vnkind flight,
My gentle disposition waxeth wild,
I shall run frantike, ô my loue, my loue. *Enter Iaques.*

Iaq. My gold, my gold, my life, my soule, my heauen,
What is become of thee? see, ile impart
My miserable losse to my good Lord,
Let me haue search my Lord, my gold is gone.

Count. My sonne, *Christophero*, thinkst it possible,
I euer shall behold his face againe.

Chris. O father where's my loue, were you so careless
To let an vnthrift steale away your child.

Iaq. I know your Lordship may find out my gold,

For Gods sake pitty me, iustice, sweet Lord.

Count Now they haue yong *Chamount*? *Christophero*? Surely they neuer will restore my sonne.

Chris. Who would haue thought you could haue beene so careless to loose your onely daughter.

Iaq. Who would thinke,
That looking to my gold with such hares eyes,
That euer open, I euen when thy sleepe,
I thus should loose my gold, my noble Lord, what saies your Lordship? *Count.* O my sonne, my sonne.

Chris. My deerest *Rachel*? *Iaq.* My most hony gold.

Count. Heare me *Christophero*.

Chris. Nay heare me *Iaques*.

Iaq. Heare me most honor'd Lord.

Max. What rule is here?

Count. O God that we should let *Chamount* escape.

Enter Aurelia, Phœnixella.

Chris. I and that *Rachel*, such a vertuous mayd, should be thus stolne away.

Iaq. And that my gold, being so hid in earth, should bee found out.

Max. O confusion of languages, & yet no tower of *Babel*!

Fran. Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit to make a iangling consort, will you laugh to see three constant passions.

Max. Stand by, I will vrge them, sweet *Count*, will you be comforted.

Count. It cannot be but he is handled the most cruelly,
That euer any noble prisoner was.

Max. Steward, go cheere my Lord.

Chris. Well, if *Rachel* tooke her flight willingly?

Max. Sirrah, speake you touching your daughters flight?

Iaq. O that I could so soone forget to know the thiefe againe, that had my gold, my gold. *Max.* Is not this pure?

Count. O thou base wretch, ile drag thee through the streets.

Enter Balthasar, and whispers with him.

And as a monster, make thee wondred at, how now.

Phœn. Sweet Gentleman? how too vnworthily
Art thou thus tortured, braue *Maximillian*,

Pitty the poore youth and appeaſe my father,
Count. How, my ſonne returnd? O *Maximillian*,
Franciſco, daughters? bid him enter here.

Enter Chamount, Ferneze, Rachel, Angelo.

Doſt thou not mocke me? O my deere *Paulo* welcome.
Max. My Lord *Chamount?* *Cha.* My *Gaſper*.
Chriſ. Rachel. *Iaq.* My gold *Rachel?* my gold?
Count Some body bid the begger ceaſe his noiſe.
Chriſ. O ſignior *Angelo*, would you deceiue
Your honeſt friend, that ſimply truſted you?
Well *Rachel*: I am glad tho' art here againe.
Ang. I faith ſhe is not for you ſteward.
Iaq. I beſeech you maddam vrge your father.
Phœ. I will anon? good *Iaques* be content.
Aur. Now God a mercy fortune, and ſweet *Venus*,
Let *Cupid* do his part, and all is well.
Phœ. Me thinks my heart's in heauen with this comfort.
Cha. Is this the true *Italian* courteſie.
Ferneze were you tortur'd thus in France? by my ſoules ſafety.
Count: My moſt noble Lord? I do beſeech your Lordſhip.
Cha. Honored *Count*, wrong not your age with flexure of a knee,
I do impute it to thoſe cares and griefes,
That did torment you in your abſent ſonne.
Count O worthy gentlemen, I am aſhamd
That my extreame affection to my ſonne,
Should giue my honour ſo vncur'd a maine,
But my firſt ſonne, being in *Vicenza* loſt.
Cha. How in *Vicenza*? loſt you a ſonne there?
About what time my Lord?
Count. O the ſame night, wherein your noble father tooke the towne.
Cha. How long's that ſince my Lord? can you remember.
Count. Tis now well nie vpon the twentith yeare.
Cha. And how old was he then?
Count. I cannot tel, betweene the yeares of three and foure,
I take it.

Cha. Had he no speciall note in his attire,
Or otherwise, that you can call to mind.
Count I cannot well remember his attire,
But I haue often heard his mother say:
He had about his necke a tablet,
Giuen to him by the Emperour *Sigismund.*
His Godfather, with this inscription,
Vnder the figure of a siluer Globe: *En minimo, mundus.*
Cha. How did you call your sonne my Lord?
Count *Camillo* Lord *Chamount.*
Cha. Then no more my *Gasper?* but *Camillo,*
Take notice of your father, gentlemen:
Stand not amazd? here is a tablet,
With that inscription? found about his necke
That night, and in *Vicenza* by my father,
(Who being ignorant, what name he had)
Christned him *Gasper*, nor did I reueale,
This secret till this hower to any man.
Count. O happy reuelation? ô blest hower? ô my *Camillo.*
Phœ. O strange my brother.
Fran. *Maximilion?* behold how the aboundance of his ioy
Drownds him in teares of gladnesse.
Count. O my boy? forgiue thy fathers late austerity:
Max. My Lord? I deliuered as much before, but your honour would not be perswaded, I will hereafter giue more obseruance to my visions? I drempt of this.
Iaq. I can be still no longer, my good Lord,
Do a poore man some grace mongst all your ioyes.
Count. Why whats the matter *Iaques.*
Iaq. I am robd, I am vndone my Lord, robd and vndone:
A heape of thirty thousand golden crownes,
Stolne from me in one minute, and I feare:
By her confedracy, that cals me father,
But she's none of mine, therefore sweet Lord:
Let her be tortured to confesse the truth.
Max. More wonders yet.
Count. How *Iaques* is not *Rachel* then thy daughter.
Iaq. No, I disclaime in her, I spit at her,